

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may require its immediate transmission by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 874.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1833.

PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Napoléon; Poème en Dix Chants. Napoléone; Poema in Dieci Canti. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Treuttel and Würtz.*

THIS is, in many respects, so remarkable a publication, that we do not hesitate to invite the especial attention of the literary world to its perusal. Independently of its curious and interesting features, there are circumstances connected with it which must render it the chosen of every library; though we, at present, are under the necessity of saying little of its author, and almost transgress when we hint that other Crowns than the Laurel may have—

We look at it, as it is before us. As a French poem of the epic class, we consider it to be almost the second in the language. *The Henriade* is more perfect in construction; *La Pucelle* longer; but neither more elegant in composition, nor more attractive in the treatment of their subject. Then we have the felicitous Italian translation; so true and correct, that, unless we were told, it would be impossible to decide which was the original and which the foreign version. In this point of view the work is literally a curiosity.

That this poem should be a lofty panegyric upon Napoleon is natural; and, indeed, the greatest adversaries of that ambitious man must readily confess, that he was one of the most extraordinary persons that have ever appeared upon the tide of time. Of his projects, his politics, his actions, it is not our cue to discourse, in noticing a production which embalms them in heroic verse; that he was a wonder and a meteor is enough for us; and we shall sufficiently perform our duty by offering such quotations from these volumes as will enable our readers to form an estimate of their personal tone and literary excellence.

The author has chosen three epochs—Buonaparte general, Buonaparte consul, and, lastly (the longest and most important), Buonaparte emperor. He has with a fervent admiration eulogised this astonishing individual under all these aspects; but he has not been unjust to his opponents. Our first selection refers to a memorable matter—the charge of poisoning the sick in Egypt, of which the author writes:

“ Sur ces bords, le tombeau de tant d'Européens,  
D'un fleau dévorant nos soldats sont atteints.  
Tel qu'un père inquiet pour des enfants qu'il aime,  
Méprisant le péril et s'oubliant lui-même,  
Leur chef errait souvent dans ces tristes débris  
Où la mort promenait sa redoutable proie.  
Là, des fils d'Esculape encourageant le zèle,  
Il combat du poison l'activité cruelle,  
Prodigue à ses enfans les soins et les secours,  
Tâche de ranimer leur espoir et leurs jours.  
Le malade expirant entr'ouvre sa paupière,  
Cherche un reste de force, un rayon de lumière,  
Pour contempler encore, une dernière fois,  
L'illustre compagnon de ses nobles exploits.  
Si l'on en croit, pourtant, la noire calomnie,  
De ses soldats lui-même il abrégea la vie.  
O mânes généreux, sortez de vos tombeaux,  
Élevez votre voix en faveur d'un héros!  
Et vous, témoins vivants d'un fait qu'on dénature,  
Défendez la vertu des traits de l'imposture!”

The siege of Acre is vividly painted, though nothing is said of the English except their co-

operation with their ships: this is hardly just to Sir S. Smith, and the heroism of the British efforts\* “i l'imminent deadly breach,” where

“ — Le plomb mortel part et vole en sifflant;  
Là, le bronze enflammé lance un globe brûlant,  
Qui, décrivant un arc dans les airs qu'il sillonne,  
Tombe, éclate, et détruit tout ce qui l'environne.  
Des flots de combattans roulent tumultueux:  
Le fer croise le fer, les feux croisent les feux;  
Sur le corps du Français le Sultan succombe;  
Un assaillant succède à l'assaillant qui tombe.”

We may afford a judgment of the fidelity of the Italian from this brief extract:

“ — Il mortal piombo sibilando parte;  
Là, vibra il bronzo acceso un globo ardente,  
Che, un arco in far tra l'ere ch'esso fende,  
Cade, scoppia, e ogni cosa intorno strugge.  
Tumultuosi a torse ecco i guerrieri!  
Il ferro opposti al ferro, il foco al foco;  
Sul corpo del Francese il Turco more,  
E un aggressor succede a quel che cade.”

The battle of Esling, at a later period, is a striking and vivid description; but we pass to a rather singular conclusion of the history of the marriage of Maria Louisa:

“ Devant le Roi des rois courbant leur diadème,  
Perdu dans les rayons de la grandeur suprême.  
Dans un recueillement profond, silencieux,  
Cade, scoppia, e ogni cosa intorno strugge.  
Tumultuosi a torse ecco i guerrieri!  
Il ferro opposti al ferro, il foco al foco;  
Sul corpo del Francese il Turco more,  
E un aggressor succede a quel che cade.”

We shall refer the supernatural embellishments of the poem, particularly “la Caverne de Grodno,” to the reader, with the single remark that they are very poetical, and add much to the beauty of the composition: parts of the retreat from Moscow are more applicable to our purpose:

“ Bientôt d'affreux torrents d'une eau noire et glacée  
Ont rendu du convoi la marche embarrassée:  
Notre attail guerrier reste sans mouvement,  
On sur l'axe engourdi se traîne lentement.  
Le coursier sans vigueur, presque sans nourriture,  
Succombe sous le poids des travaux qu'il endure,  
Les chemins sont couverts de soldats harassés,  
D'animaux haletans, et de chars délaissés.”

“ A travers les périls et les glaces de l'Ourse,  
Victorieux encore, il a repris sa course:  
Mais les fiers Aoukians, bravis du fond du Nord,  
Sur leur aile rapide ont apporté la mort:  
Armés de tous leurs traits, dans un climat terrible,  
Ils vont la vaincre enfin, cette armée invincible!  
L'hiver, des son approche, exhale sa fureur;  
Tous nos soldats, frappés d'une sombre stupeur,  
Accablés par le froid, le besoin, l'insomnie,  
Laisent tomber le fer de leur main engourdie.  
Sur un miroir glissant le coursier sans appui,  
Agite en vain ses pieds qui s'échappent sous lui:  
Il se débat, retombe à chaque pas qu'il tente,  
Et perd en longs efforts sa vigueur défaillante;  
Son guide infortuné, qui veut le secourir,  
Aussi faible que lui, sent ses genoux fléchir.”

\* We observe that throughout the author is most reserved in mentioning England or the English.—Ed. L. G.

On ne peut plus mouvoir, pour comble d'infortune,  
Ces bronzes qui faisaient la sûreté commune.  
Et l'on perd avec eux ces arsenaux mouvans  
Qui des foudres de Mars portaient les aliments!  
Ce robuste guerrier que, dans son vol agile,  
On voyait fonder l'air sur un coursier docile,  
Après du fantassin lui-même anéanti,  
Traîne languissamment son corps appesanti.  
Quelques nauts ont brisé cette vaste machine,  
Et de tant de grandeur consommée la ruine.  
Plus d'ordre, plus d'accord, la discipline fuit;  
Tout principe de force avec elle est détruit.  
Et chacun, sans songer aux maux qu'il se prépare,  
Ecoute aveuglément la douleur qui l'égare;  
Les chefs découragés, du soldat méconnu,  
Du soldat, à leur tour, ne s'inquiètent plus.

Borée et la famine, ensemble conjurés,  
Portent l'accablement dans les cœurs ulcérés.  
Des milliers de soldats sur la neige durcie  
Traînent d'un pied sanglant la chair noire et meurtrie:  
Leur supplice redouble à chaque pas qu'ils font;  
Une froide sueur ruisselle de leur front.  
Les jours sont dévorants; les nuits plus dévorantes,  
En agissant du froid les flèches pénétrantes.  
De morts et de mourans laissent toujours jonché  
Le terrain destructeur où l'armée a couché.  
Ils partaient, chaque jour, au lever de l'aurore,  
Ne sachant si le soir les verrait encore.  
L'air ne résonnait plus de la voix des clairons:  
On voyait en désordre errer nos bataillons;  
Enjoints autrefois jusqu'à la pétulance,  
Ils cheminaient alors dans un morne silence,  
Et l'on n'entendait plus que le souffle du vent,  
Et les accents plaintifs qui s'y mêlaient souvent.”

The passage of the Berisina crowns the long course of loss and desolation.

“ Ce n'est plus que tumulte et massacre et ravage:  
La foule sur la foule encombre le passage;  
On veut se faire jour à travers les débris;  
Le désespoir, la rage, égarant les esprits:  
Pour échapper au sort suspendu sur sa tête,  
Chacun cherche à forcer l'obstacle qui l'arrête:  
Chacun frappe au hasard... o comble des forfaits!  
Le Français tombe mort sous le fer du Français!  
Quelques-uns, s'éloignant d'une scène cruelle,  
Sous les feux meurtriers dont la plage étincelle,  
Courent, désespérés, sur ces bords désastres:  
A travers les glaçons et les flots écumeux,  
Ils s'élançant, poussés par leur terreur profonde,  
Et, bientôt engloutis, trouvent la mort dans l'onde.”

Some of the results are pathetically painted: we quote a few lines in both versions.

“ Rien n'allège le poids de leur calamité:  
Consolante pitié, tendre fraternité,  
Mutuel intérêt que le ciel secourable  
Inspire aux malheureux qu'un même sort accable,  
Amitié généreuse et dont la douce main  
Sur les maux des mortels verse un baume divin,  
Tout fuit, tout a péri dans ce commun naufrage.  
Chaque pas leur présente une lugubre image:  
Leurs compagnons frappés du glaive de la mort,  
Et dont chacun s'attend à partager le sort.  
Ici, ce furieux, à son heure dernière,  
Accusé de ses maux et le ciel et la terre,  
Pousse contre ses chefs des cris injurieux,  
Et, dans son désespoir, insulte même aux Dieux.  
Là, ce jeune guerrier, plus touchant dans sa plainte,  
Tourne vers sa patrie une paupière éteinte:  
Il murmure des noms chers à son souvenir...  
Il les murmure encore à son dernier soupir.  
Cet autre, s'élevant près de son frère d'armes,  
A posé sur lui son front baigné de larmes,  
Et d'une prompte mort invoquant le secours,  
Attend ainsi la fin de ses malheureux jours.”

“ Tanta calamità nulla solleva:  
Dolce pietà, fraternità soave,  
Mutuo dover che inspira il bel pietoso  
A i miseri che opprime un fato istesso,  
Generosa amisti che lieta spande  
Un balsamo divin su i nostri mali,  
Tutto sparve, per li tai naufragio.  
Ogni passo offre lor lugubre immagine:  
Colpiti da la Parca i lor compagni,  
Ciascuno attende la medesima sorte.  
Quel, furioso, un giunto a l'ultim' ora,  
Accusa de' suoi mali il ciel, la terra,  
Grida d'obbrobrio contra i dui spinge,  
E, in suo furor, gli stessi Numi insulta.”

*Eh, quel giovin guerrier, più smat toccante,  
Gli spenti lumi ver la patria ancora.  
Mormora nomi cari a la sua mente...  
E a l'estremo asopir gli accenna ancora.  
Altri, disteso accanto al suo compagno,  
Posa su lui la lagrimosa faccia,  
E, una pronta invocando amica morte,  
Si attende il fin degl' infelici giorni.*

Though thousands of our readers are capable of enjoying these examples of foreign tongues; yet as there are also many thousands who do not enjoy that advantage, we shall not occupy more of the space due to all, than merely to refer to the battle of Waterloo and the death of Napoleon. With regard to the former, the famous expression, "*la Garde meurt, elle ne se rend pas*," is ascribed to Cambrone; and it is said,

"Combattant en soldat, et le fer à la main,  
Trois fois Napoléon sur le sanglant terrain  
Ramène ces guerriers animés de son âme,  
Et son exemple accroît l'ardeur qui les enflamme;"

which we presume to be a poetical license, as he never was at the head of any such charges. The last scene, after some rather false sentiment about an impersonation of Death, is thus wound up:

"Le Héros est tombé sous la faux redoutable,  
Des jeux de la fortune exemple déplorable!  
Du faste des grandeurs naguère environné,  
Dans un réduit obscur il meurt abandonné:  
Ainsi tombe, expirant, sur le rocher sauvage,  
L'Aigle altier qui planait jusqu'au sein de l'orage.  
Il meurt, tournant son front... hélas! son front  
proscrit,

Vers ce sol qui l'oublie, et que son cœur chérit!  
Il meurt, bravant les coups du destin qui l'opprime,  
Conservant, dans les fers, sa constance sublime,  
L'homme qui, dans les jours de ses prospérités,  
Au Continent vaincu dicta ses volontés;  
Ce Colosse éclatant de force et de lumière,  
Qu'avait formé le Ciel pour commander la terre,  
Si grand par ses hauts-faits, ses monuments, ses loix,  
Qui triompha long-temps de la ligue des Rois,  
Et qui, victime, enfin, d'une trame profonde,  
Sous le poids de sa chute ébranla tout le monde!  
Il meurt, l'œil attaché sur les traits de son fils,  
Faisant un dernier vœu pour lui, pour son pays,  
Dieu!... protégé!... dit-il, et sa bouche glacée  
S'efforce, mais en vain, d'achever sa pensée.  
De cette mort funeste un astre avant-coureur  
Promena dans les cieux sa sanglante couleur:  
Tels, de noirs pronostics, portant l'effroi dans Rome,  
Annoncèrent jadis la perte d'un grand homme."

With this quotation we commit these volumes to the public; being, we presume, the first to notice a publication which will produce no small excitement in the literary and political world; less perhaps in England than upon the continent of Europe, and especially in Italy and France. But to our next Review—an illustration that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.

*The Comic Offering: or, Ladies' Mèlange of Library Mirth for 1834. Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan. 12mo. pp. 344. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.*

MISS SHERIDAN goes on punning and improving in talent and merriment; as this her fourth *Comic Annual* doth abundantly testify. But though the fair authoress is able to go on year after year, varying her entertaining claims to entertain the public; we are unable so to vary our critical applause as to give variety to our re-views. We must therefore be content—and after reading this volume it is a laughing content—to iterate our praise, and let the *Comic* speak for itself—and thus it sayeth:

"*The Comic Offering* presents its best compliments and sincere thanks to its numerous supporters:—and having found that the *Three Volumes* already offered 'in the way of jest,' have kindly been taken 'in right good earnest,'—begs to say it seriously intends coming forth in the *Fourth*—coming number, trusting it will not be considered a *we(h)*it less merry than the others,—but that the harmony of its *glee* will be more perfect by being written in four parts!

As its jocularity has been every year 'bought off,' it must be confessed that (like a false patriot) the *Offering* 'has its price!' but this 'buying up' does not insure its silence,—for, as some Perennials increase by being lopped, so this little *Annual* springs up in proportion as it 'goes down!' The same rich style of binding is again employed,—for humour, to be pleasing, requires to be dressed with care and elegance:—and, as the *Offering* would gladly pass some time with its friends, in making their time pass, it is willing to be bound (and, like a Barbary captive, 'bound in Morocco') to be laughed at as a standing jest at their tables."

The frontispiece also puts a good face on the occasion—it represents an ancient galley laden with drolls, and humorously described as follows:—

"Our Frontispiece shews that the light craft 'The Comic Offering,' (Morocco outward-bound), having made a prosperous Annual voyage under wide spreading sails, is again come in with full sheets! The cargo is not insured; but sailing under no false colours, and having nothing contraband, it is hoped the examination of her 'Papers' may be satisfactory—and that this trip will not be considered a falling off. Wishing to avoid all weighty matters (lest we might sink in going beyond our depth), we have tried on every occasion 'to heave over the lead,' and trust our line is sound policy. Having marked out a course untried by others, we are thus enabled to steer clear, without once deviating from our line for a-lack,—hence we have neither 'fallen in'—nor 'fallen out!' Being free traders, and not Pirates, we trust no critic will send forth a Bark against us; 'tis true we may be 'blown up' by a Spark in a Magazine, (in some instances a miner misfortune): but would this sink us? Indeed as for sinking, we are buoyed up with the anticipation of going down—among many Circles! Those Critics who will employ the *Tender*, and kindly give us 'a degree of latitude,' may greatly aid our progress, by making for us an 'observation!' We are impressed with the necessity of submitting our crew to the 'Press,'—which in England is considered 'a matter of service':—and so far as we from wishing to shun notice, that our greatest wish would be to find each *Agent's Office* changed into a CUSTOM HOUSE!"

"LOUISA H. SHERIDAN."

About seventy wood-engravings, of many kinds, some of them extremely clever and amusing, and nearly all quaint and ludicrous, are brought in to illustrate the letter-press, or be illustrated by it; and nearly a like number of original pieces in prose and verse receive or return the pictorial obligation.

We must cull from the crop a sample or two of its popular, and consequently marketable, produce. "My very particular friend," by Mrs. Abby, is so truly in the tone of modern friendships (for what is friendship but a name?) that we copy it to instruct the imaginative and fanciful:

"Are you struck with her figure and face?  
How lucky you happened to meet  
With none of the gossiping race  
Who dwell in this horrible street!  
They of slanderous hints never tire;  
I love to approve and commend,  
And the lady you so much admire,  
Is my very particular friend!"

How charming she looks—her dark curls  
Really float with a natural air,  
And the beads might be taken for pearls  
That are twined in that beautiful hair:  
Then what tints her fair features o'erspread—  
That she uses white paint some pretend;  
But believe me, she only wears red,—  
She's my very particular friend!"

Then her voice, how divine it appears,  
While carolling 'Rise gentle Moon';  
Lord Crotchett last night stopped his ears,  
And declared that she sung out of tune;  
For my part, I think that her lay  
Might to Malibran's sweetness pretend;  
But people won't mind what I say,—  
I'm her very particular friend!"

Then her writings—her exquisite rhyme  
To posterity surely must reach,  
(I wonder she finds so much time,  
With four little sisters to teach!)  
A critic in Blackwood, indeed,  
Abused the last poem she penned,  
The article made my heart bleed,—  
She's my very particular friend!"

Her brother despatched with a sword  
His friend in a duel last June;  
And her cousin eloped from her lord,  
With a handsome and whiskered dragon:  
Her father with duns is beset,  
Yet continues to dash and to spend,—  
She's too good for so worthless a set,  
She's my very particular friend!"

All her chance of a portion is lost,  
And I fear she'll be single for life—  
Wise people will count up the cost  
Of a gay and extravagant wife.  
But 'tis odious to marry for pelf,  
(Though the times are not likely to mend),  
She's a fortune besides in herself,—  
She's my very particular friend!"

That she's somewhat sarcastic and pert,  
It were useless and vain to deny,  
She's a little too much of a flirt,  
And a slattern when no one is nigh.  
From her servants she constantly parts,  
Before they have reached the year's end;  
But her heart is the kindest of hearts—  
She's my very particular friend!"

Oh! never have pencil or pen  
A creature more exquisitely traced;  
That her style does not take with the men,  
Proves a sad want of judgment and taste;  
And if to the sketch I give now,  
Some flattering touches I lend,  
Do for partial affection allow—  
She's my very particular friend!"

The next article, in prose, is also a fair specimen:

"*Conversation between a Weather-glass and a Weather-cock.*

"We will speak *Whether* or No."—Old Play.

"Good morning," said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock, 'you don't look well this morning.' 'No wonder,' said the Weather-cock, 'for I've had nothing but wind in my teeth all night; and I don't see, Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather down this morning.' 'Do I?' said the Weather-glass. 'At all events I'm up to you;—up to you, indeed! now I look at myself, I'm up to sixty. You give yourself too many airs, Mr. Weather-cock. 'Tis true you are at the top of this establishment, of which you are not a little vain.' 'Little vane!' said the Weather-cock; 'no indeed, I don't see a larger or a handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vane* than useful: and as to my being the top of this establishment, you've always had the reins of the family in your own hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you.' 'Change places!' said the Weather-glass, 'I never knew you keep one a minute together!' 'That's my misfortune,' says the Weather-cock: 'but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south-about to meet her. I had not been with her for more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am to be thus disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn rusty about it, and then I'll stick where I please.' 'Ah!' said the Weather-glass, 'we all have our complaints; you know my existence depends on my telling the truth:—now I marked 'much rain' yesterday as plain as could be, but my young mistress,

being promised a holyday if it were fine, screw'd me up to 'set fair,' so they set out and the wet set in, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining me he found out the trick, which put him in a thundering passion, and I fell down to 'stormy.' 'Ah! well,' said the Weather-cock, 'I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here; for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass (which, by the by, I consider must be rather a sharp instrument, for I heard it had a needle and thirty-two points!) I was declared by all present 'to stand completely square,' when, to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards, the wind blew me completely round; but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive by your face, you're not many degrees from being very dry; what say you to a glass of something?' 'With all my heart,' says the Weather-glass, 'if you'll stand it.' 'I stand it!' said the Weather-cock, 'did you ever know me stand to any thing?'—here he turned half round, and looked the other way. 'Just like you, you shabby rascal,' says the Weather-glass, 'there's no trusting you.' 'Save your abuse, save your abuse!' said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turned away; 'though I am used to blows, they must be given in a round-about manner; and of all blows, the least I care about is a BLOW UP!'

Jingle is always a considerable addition to humour; and the annexed lines "To my Nose," by the author of *Absurdities*, is a laughable proof:—

"Knows he, that never took a pinch,  
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?  
Knows he the titillating joy  
Which my nose knows?  
O Nose! I am as proud of thee  
As any mountain of its snows!  
I gaze on thee and feel that pride  
A Roman knows!"

But, perhaps, the best things in this Annual are half-a-dozen or more "Classic Carols," by the same writer; of which we select one that has pleased our taste "hugously:"



Drawing from LIFE.

#### "The Labours of Hercules."

I sing great Hercules! the God of Strength,  
Son of Alcmena and the mighty Jove,  
Whom Juno persecuting, drove at length  
In quest of glory through the world to rove;  
Eke like some married men whose 'dear ones' snub,  
He sought for entertainment in his Club.  
A shaggy lion first he fought and slew,  
Then peel'd him, like an orange, of his skin,  
Which for a garment o'er his limbs he threw—  
A dandy-lion-dress to see him in:  
'And now,' said he, 'I may vaunt with delight,  
I'm in a whole-skin after such a fight.'

He hunted down Diana's favourite Hind  
(The beast's four legs were *hind* legs all, of course),  
With feet of brass and horns of gold refined,  
Which sank (oh dear!) 'neath his superior force.  
This dearest of her deer did Dian mind most;  
And foremost of the herd she loved the *Hind-most*!

He tamed the Cretan bull, whose echoed roar  
'A pair of bellows' seem'd, from north or south;  
Females and males, alarmed, all ran before.  
He used a horn, like nails from 'Bull and Mouth,'  
Each horn became a trumpet of Fame, which loud  
Proclaim'd abroad how he the bull had cowl'd.

Spain's giant king he slew; a glorious thing  
That tyrant to the realms below to banish:  
To his last 'Nap' he brought the cruel king,  
Who weighty reasons offered him in Spanish.  
The Spaniards were delighted, for 'twas strange  
For a bad sovereign to get any change!

Next the Stymphalides he drove away—  
Of all the birds a most infernal brood—  
Who fed on human flesh—so poets say—  
And human flesh he deem'd not meet for food:  
Their fare was foul! but, by a fate perverse,  
By beating them he made the foul fare worse!

The Thracian tyrant was another bird  
Of the same feather with the last he fought,  
Whose guests, invited to his board, ne'er stir'd:  
He, like some other traps, kill'd all he caught,  
And fed his horses with their flesh; alack!  
He put them all, like robbers, to the 'rack.'

But soon 'our hero' taught him better taste,  
And made the horrid monster mercy beg;  
Quick from his throne the tyrant he displaced,  
And beat him, too, as cooks would beat an egg.  
In praise the luckless 'weights' (his subjects) spoke,  
Free was each 'weight' from his infernal 'yokes.'

He fought and conquered, in a field of fight,  
The Amazon so fierce, with killing eyes;  
He took their queen, and they in turn took flight;  
While, 'cased in steel,' he bore away his prize,  
'All's fair this war,' quoth he, 'I must give place,  
'Because there is a lady in the case.'

August's stable he cleansed in one day,  
By turning in a river which ne'er ceased;  
His march was august, and, oh! well it may  
Be said 'he better was in stall than priest!'

Each sinew seem'd indeed a nine-inch cable!  
O'ercoming all, the fierce, the strong, the stable!  
He bound in cords the Erymanthian boar,  
A fierce, wild animal of monstrous bulk!  
And in a dell (as when dry on the shore)  
The seamen do a ship) he 'pitch'd his hull.'  
Like some poor spendthrift who in debt desponds,  
All laugh'd at his security and bonds!

A dragon next he slays, which wack had kept  
O'er golden pippins in an orchard rare!  
He rents his bravery wessand as he slept  
(As some their houses rent) from ear to ear!  
Some tons he weigh'd, for (let none doubt these tales)  
He, to be certain, weigh'd him in his 'scales.'

He dragg'd to earth the triple-headed dog  
Which guards grim Pluto's brazen gates below;  
But thought the dog-tax was a heavy clog,  
So give the dog a bone and let him go.  
Three heads are horrid, wanting much to eat—  
A good yard-dog need only have 'three feet'!

The hydra last, a seven-headed snake,  
He thump'd and pummell'd lustily, and cropp'd  
Off all his heads; and in the Lernean Lake  
His 'horrid tail and sundry fragments' dropp'd.  
The blood (each head seem'd like a fountain-head)  
Soon made the BLUE LAKE, like the painters', RED!"

Another prose specimen shall conclude our extracts:—

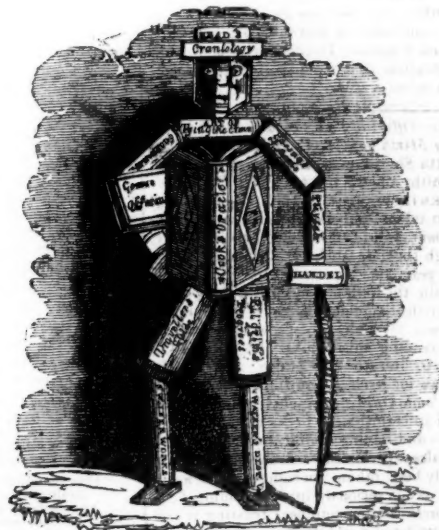
#### "Friendship's Offering."

Miss Aurelia Dobbs to Miss Jemima Tibbs.

By the Author of the 'Eccentric Tales.'

Jasmine Cottage, County of Hert.

"MY DEAREST JEMIMA!—You have always been the sole depository of my soul's dearest secrets: I am so happy! Would that you, my sweet friend, were with me, to share the delights of our rural retreat—the greatest general, from little Alexander down to Napoleon, never made such an one! and as for my suite of apartments, 'Oh! there is nothing half so sweet in life,' as Moore says. The country around is a volume of Miss Mitford bound in green: every thing seems smiling here, except the willows, and they do weep so gracefully! And then at night the crickets chirp so merrily! I am certain there have been a great many cricket-matches, there is such a numerous family! These, with the copper kettle, are really the only grate musicians we can boast in this sequestered dwelling; and they have, in truth, a great range



A Man of good Works!

\* We have given two of Miss Sheridan's cuts; and are only sorry we cannot do more to shew the talent and humour so many of them display.



here! My papa is very happy, too, and is not like the same man he was. Since he left off business, he is not at all *retired*, but interchanges civilities with the gentry in the neighbourhood. Among these is a young squire, who is so handsome and so witty! I must tell you a *bon-mot* of his. We had wandered to the edge of the copse, where we sat upon the stile and watched the decline of the sun, until the glorious orb had set. 'Why is your father like that *sun*?' said he. I gave it up. 'Because he is a *retired tanner*!' I smiled, and my memory reverted in a moment to Bermondsey, the tan-pits, and my dear *Jemima*! I have made some acquaintances among the 'rustics.' There is one *Rose Verdant*, a pretty, melancholy, dark-eyed 'forsaken,' who placed 'her heart's best affections' on the clergyman; but the *pastor* passed her, for one who he thought *surpassed* her, and she has been as much distressed as poor *Ireland* since the *Union*! The album (commenced by my dear *Jemima*) is nearly full—for I visit the churchyard every morning, and transcribe the epitaphs; the *sheep* ruminating beneath the yew-trees being my only companions in this *grave* solitude. This is the hay-making season, and, of course, all the meadows *à la moved*! There are some impertinent people, who live near us, and they laughed so much at our city taste in gardening, that papa has been forced to 'get up a *ha-ha*,' as the hedgers call it: but I don't think it is of any use; and as it cost a great deal, I do not see the fun of 'getting up a *ha-ha*,' at one's own expense. I forget whether I told you that there is a lover's walk here—but there is, and I frequently visit this romantic spot; it would frighten you, *Jemima*, to walk there *alone*. I never do! You ask me to quote the amusements here. Alas! my *Jemima*, when you do pass within their high gates, you find no style, or what is very very low; so it would be useless for any one to take steps for a *hop* here! We had a vocal concert at the great inn, the 'King's Head,' but I did not like hearing the singing in the king's head, though there was a *crown* entrance; and, in short, the 'concert' was *aloud* to be a mere 'bawl.' The young squire drove me home in his stanhope. It proved a dreadfully wet evening, and, notwithstanding he is a good *whip*, he regretted, for my sake, that he had no command over the rains! And said, although he was fond of a *whet* before dinner, he did at all relish a *wet* before supper! He is really the most passable of my rustic admirers—rather too fond, perhaps, of field-sports—but I daresay that may be remedied, for his father has a *cure* in his gift. Oh! *Jemima*, if I could but persuade him to take orders, I think—but no matter, I am building on the *heir*. Suffice it to say, that his father is a rich man and a *mayor*, and he a young man and a *hunter*. My dearest love, I am obliged to draw my letter to a close. He has just called to invite me to a walk in the green lanes, so my botanical studies must apologise for my not filling the other leaf; but you shall have his *flowery* speeches in a long *crossed letter* next post. That one from you may cross this, is the heartfelt wish of—Your most affectionate,

"AURELIA DOBBS."

From the foregoing the character of this neat and cheerful volume may be understood. Hundreds of puns do not overlay a sufficient quantum of wit and humour; and lest any grumbler, who talks about "he that makes a pun would pick a pocket," should suppose that there is nothing more original than his own bright repetition, we quote—

"Something New. By C. B. and L. H. Sheridan.

(The rhymes of the following little whin are gradually increased, by an additional one, in every couplet; so that in the last two lines every word has its rhyme in the corresponding line.)

- 1 { 'Tis nothing new to write a line for Rhyme,  
(And make the next one answer with a *Chime*;
- 2 { Less oft is *Done* in verse what rhymes I Do,  
(In lines twice One to manage rhymings Two;
- 3 { Less often *Still* you've Met what now you'll See,  
(A scribbler's Skill thus Get in rhymings Three;
- 4 { But I still trust to manage *More*, I *Four*,  
(And Try to Thrust in rhymings Four! and Now
- 5 { For Five! in What odd Deed a Bard (if He  
(But Strive) may Not succeed, though Hard It Be?
- 6 { To Press them Yet more Near my Mind I Fix,  
(No Less I'll Get in Clear you'll Find than Six!
- 7 { Dost Thou of Seven think Meant? if So, I Here  
(Must Vow by Heaven! to Spleen I Owe Thy Fare!
- 8 { Still I My Due must Claim (For This Sly Smile)  
(Will you Try Too the Same, Nor Miss My Style?
- 9 { See Eight Clear Done by Me: How Full We Nine?  
(The Plate's Near Won I See, Now Skill Be Mine,
- all { To Chime The Ten Feet Through. You See I Choose  
(True Rhyme: Be Then Meet Due To Thee My Muse!"

With much that is "new," Miss Sheridan should not have given us any thing very old; ergo, what business has the epigram, p. 11, to appear in her book? and why the poor imitation of James Smith's clever song upon names, at p. 65?

#### LIFE ASSURANCES.

*On the Natural and Mathematical Laws concerning Population, Vitality, and Mortality; the Modifications which the Law of Mortality receives when referred to different Classes of People; and generally the Movements of Population, in its Progress of Renewal: with Tables of Mortality, applicable to Five Classes of each Sex; and other Tables, expressing the Relations between Capital and Income, under the Operation of Compound Interest.* By Francis Corbair, Author of "An Inquiry into the National Debt," &c. London, 1833.

THE progress which has been made on the continent of Europe in the theory of science has certainly been much in advance of our own attainments. We shall not stay to inquire whether the more perspicuous and strictly analytical processes of our German and French neighbours are in any substantial degree superior to the geometrical conception of the fluxional calculus; but one thing is certain, that of late years our first-class men have been content to follow in the wake of the French mathematicians; and our most popular and best received works are little else than clever paraphrases of those of the more celebrated of our foreign contemporaries. And yet, all this while, we have been far from taking a second rank in those things which confer a substantial benefit on the species. We can go but a very short way with Mr. Babbage in his melancholy wallings on the decline of science in England. On the contrary, although the puttings forth of another vineyard may be earlier than our own, the foliage, and most assuredly the fruit, of indigenous culture is as vigorous and far more ripe than that of our *co-laborateurs*. When we look to those results which depend upon the energetic pursuit of practical mechanics, whether it be to the construction of canals and bridges, or to the perfection of the several kinds and vehicles of locomotion, we are in no fear of the issue of any comparison with the most enlightened people in Europe. We stay not nicely to measure the quantity of political causation which bears on this; we are satisfied with the plain matter of fact, that no proof of science, no application of just theory, has been wanting to us which was in the possession of others. We have done our work, and have done it well;

and can still say that, in the race of practical comfort, we have outstripped and distanced all our competitors.

The work on our table suggests to the mind one branch of the application of science, at least, in which we are confessedly unrivalled; and whether we look upon it as fixing the seal of certainty upon that which, to most minds, wears the very "form and pressure" of insecurity, or regard it as indicative of a pure and high morality, we feel entitled to claim for our country no mean place in having followed out to its legitimate length a noble thread in the warp and the woof of science. We allude to our erection of institutions for the purposes of life insurance. It was our great good fortune that the society, to whose gathering prosperity we are indebted for so many similar institutions, was reared under such benign auspices; and was distinguished as much for the integrity and forethought, as for the skill and vigilance of its management. The able mathematician, who, full of years and reputation, has within a few months been gathered to the tomb, must have felt no slight exultation when he saw the offspring of his early care extending its colossal arms over his native land, and conferring as much real comfort and happiness on its inhabitants, as the hospitals and houses of kindness and mercy which distinguish us among the nations of the earth. The application of mathematics to this branch of philosophy, although not originating with ourselves, may be said to have been dwindling on in insignificance and neglect, until Thomas Simpson, by the elegance and correctness of his demonstrations, proved it to be no unworthy subject for the study of the man of science. Still, to a certain extent, saving that all things shine but by comparison, much fine mathematics were exhausted upon very imperfect and worthless materials. The observations which had been made on the law of mortality, as it is called, or, in other words, the facts which had been collected to shew the number of deaths which periodically occur among a given constant population, were so vague and unsatisfactory, that the arranged results, although treated in the most rigid and astute manner, became little better than shrewd and clever guesses. The subject, however, had been well started; and both in this country, and more consistently on the continent, a series of observations were made, with a degree of consideration and intelligence greater than had previously been used. We cannot enter here on the history of the science; it may be sufficient to state that, in our own country, Dr. Price framed a set of tables of the values of annuities, founded on certain data collected in the town of Northampton; and his calculations thus derived became the bases of the amended premiums of the Equitable Assurance Society. The prominent position which this fine institution occupied, caused, as may be supposed, a large part of the life-property of the country to be estimated, on occasions of transfer, by these tables alone. The government, too, adopted them in all its transactions; granting on their scale life annuities, with the view to the conversion of the permanent to a terminable debt, and assessing the amount of legacy-duty on life estates by the law of life which they presented. The eminent success of the Equitable Society seemed, to many, a sufficient indication that the Northampton rate of mortality was in excess, although in what degree was not so easily discernible. It might have suggested itself, however, that the enormous rate of interest obtained for many years by that society, while their premiums contem-



plate only a rate of three per cent per annum, contributed far more than any advantage of vitality to beget its vast and envied wealth; but he it also remarked, that, though a lesser rate of death was found among a mass of well-selected lives, it by no means proved that the Northampton observations were incorrect for the great mass of the inhabitants of England. Scientific men are quite aware of the defects of this table; but, aware, too, of the great variations in the mortality of our towns and villages, it may be very difficult to demonstrate that its general results may not indicate a pretty correct measure of the average waste of life. It is not, perhaps, known to the generality of our readers, that while in some of our counties—such as Cornwall and Herefordshire—one death annually occurs out of sixty living inhabitants, in the fenny parts of Kent, Lincoln, and Essex, one in thirty-five annually fall off; while in some of our manufacturing and densely populated towns, the mortality becomes increased to one in thirty. The opinion, however, of the inapplicability of the Northampton table as a measure of average life, kept gathering strength; it was found that the insurance offices were rich, and this was deemed a sufficient proof against it. Other observers arose, and among the most able of the new school was Mr. Francis Baily. He presented to the world, in his valuable work, a set of tables, constructed from observations made by De Parcieux among select lives in France; and others, framed from some admirable materials, collected with an intelligence which deserves imitation elsewhere, by order of the government of Sweden. Each of these sets of tables shewed the law of human life to be more favourable than was heretofore believed; but still it might be argued, that the first set was framed upon select and peculiar lives, while the Swedish law might not be sooth for the meridian of London.

To pass over several works and names, we now come to a period when a decided step was taken in the advancement of the science. Mr. Joshua Milne, eminently qualified by his patient research and accurate attainments for the task he had undertaken, published in 1815 his treatise on *Assurances*. Besides an elegant and perspicuous demonstration of the leading problems of the science, Mr. Milne, in his second volume, gave a set of tables, constructed from the minute register made by Dr. Heysham, at Carlisle. In the preface to his work, the author anticipates the glaring objections to these tables, namely, the shortness of time over which the observations extend, and the smallness of the population among which the facts were collected. He mentions at the same time the advantage which he conceives the limited number of the inhabitants conferred, by enabling the observer to trace accurately not only the fact but the cause of dissolution. The results presented by Mr. Milne's tables proved clearly, that so far as Carlisle was concerned, the Northampton data was at the more important ages extremely incorrect. Whether Mr. Milne's table be or be not a just measure of the rate of death among the mass of English lives, we leave the learned to decide; it is but justice to Mr. Milne to say, that his statistics are most valuable, and his law of mortality excellent, as applied to country lives; while, as a work of science, his treatise continues to occupy the foremost place in its department.

The work of Mr. Corbaux, which we have before us, proposes, we are told in a somewhat magniloquent preface, to enlighten the world, as well by an exposure of the defects of his

predecessors as by a display of the author's discoveries. We are sorry to say we have not discernment enough to detect, in many instances, the accomplishment of this object; and, while we are compelled to remark of the scientific part of his attempt, that he does not advance beyond the very elements of his subject, and uses a most cumbersome notation, we must say that his style is so confused and verbose as not to be easily intelligible. We would willingly have selected a portion of his book for the gratification of our readers, but we think it is better to refer those who are disposed to acquaint themselves with it to the work itself. The most valuable part of the treatise consists in certain laborious and useful tables of compound interest, with which it concludes, and a comparative view of several of the best-known tables of mortality. The mode of comparison chosen by Mr. Corbaux, and which he calls by the "specific intensities of life;" that is, in plain English, the number living out of which one death occurs during the year at each age, is, we think, a good one, and preferable to the ordinary plans of comparing tables by the annual decrement from a given radix, or by what is called the expectation of life. The division of lives into five classes we consider a mere freak of the imagination—an hypothesis framed from insufficient data, and certainly without any practical utility. In taking leave of this subject for the present, we shall merely say, that the great desiderata in this branch of philosophy are correct and careful observations; and we do hope that the attention of some of the accomplished mathematicians connected with our life institutions, will, as Mr. Milne has done, direct their attention to this interesting topic. It is surely as deserving of combined research as geology, astronomy, zoology, and the many other departments of science which have latterly attained increased importance. To collect with diligence and integrity a set of facts bearing on this useful section of statistics is all that is required: the doctrine of chances, one of the most abstruse and beautiful in the whole region of analysis, will then have materials on which to expend its varied and exquisite capabilities.

*The Amulet.* Edited by S. C. Hall. London, 1834. Westley and Davis.

A PLEASANT and various volume; amid whose contents we would particularise a very touching ballad, by Mary Howitt; an Irish story of a sister's devoted affection, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, the concluding letter of which is excellent; the "Earthquake at Zante," by the Rev. Robert Walsh; and "May," by the author of the "Corn Law Rhymes." A story by Mr. Bulwer is scarce equal to his reputation; it has beautiful passages; but a long and not always very intelligible allegory belongs to a style of composition somewhat past. We quote the following from it:—

"At length the traveller emerged from a mighty forest, through which, for several days, he had threaded his weary way; and beautiful beyond thought was the landscape that broke upon his view. A plain covered with the richest verdure lay before him; through the trees that here and there darkened over the emerald ground were cut alleys, above which arched festoons of many-coloured flowers, whose hues sparkled amidst the glossy foliage, and whose sweets steeped the air as with a bath. A stream, clear as crystal, flowed over golden sands; and, wherever the sword was greenest, gathered itself into delicious fountains, and sent upward its dazzling spray, as if to catch the

embraces of the sun, whose beams kissed it in delight. The wanderer paused in ecstasy; a sense of luxurious rapture which he had never before experienced crept into his soul. 'Behold!' murmured he, 'my task is already done; and Aden, the land of happiness and of youth, lies before me!' While he thus spake, a sweet voice answered—'Yes, O happy stranger! thy task is done: this is the land of happiness and of youth!' He turned, and a maiden of dazzling beauty was by his side. 'Enjoy the present,' said she, 'and so wilt thou defy the future. Ere yet the world was, Love brooded over the unformed shell, till from beneath the shadow of his wings burst forth the life of the young creation. Love, then, is the true god; and whoso serveth him he admits into the mysteries of a temple erected before the stars. Behold! thou enterest now upon the threshold of the temple; thou art in the land of happiness and of youth!' Enchanted with these words, Arasmanes gave himself up to the sweet intoxication they produced upon his soul. He suffered the nymph to lead him deeper into the valley; and now, from a thousand vistas in the wood, trooped forth beings, some of fantastic, some of the most harmonious, shapes. There was the satyr and the faun, and the youthful Bacchus—mixed with the multifarious deities of India, and the wild objects of Egyptian worship; but more numerous than all were the choral nymphs, that spiritualised the reality by incorporating the dreams of beauty; and, wherever he looked, one laughing face seemed to peer forth from the glossy leaves, and to shed, as from its own joyous yet tender aspect, a tenderness and a joy over all things; and he asked how this being, that seemed to have the power of multiplying itself, every where, was called? And its name was Eros. For a time, the length of which he knew not—for in that land no measurement of time was kept—Arasmanes was fully persuaded that it was Aden to which he had attained. He felt his youth as if it were something palpable; every thing was new to him—even in the shape of the leaves, and the whisper of the odorous airs, he found wherewithal to marvel at and admire. Enamoured of the maiden that had first addressed him, at her slightest wish (and she was full of all beautiful caprices) he was ready to explore even the obscurest recess in the valley which now appeared to him unbounded. He never wearied of a single hour. He felt as if weariness were impossible; and, with every instant, he repeated to himself, 'In the land of happiness and youth I am a dweller.' One day, as he was conversing with his beloved, and gazing upon her face, he was amazed to behold that, since the last time he had gazed upon it, a wrinkle had planted itself upon the ivory surface of her brow; and, even while half doubting the evidence of his eyes, new wrinkles seemed slowly to form over the forehead, and the transparent roses of her cheek to wane and fade! He concealed, as well as he could, the mortification and wonder that he experienced at this strange phenomenon; and, no longer daring to gaze upon a face from which before he had drank delight as from a fountain, he sought excuses to separate himself from her, and wandered, confused and bewildered with his own thoughts, into the wood. The fauns, and the dryads, and the youthful face of Bacchus, and the laughing aspect of Eros, came athwart him from time to time; yet the wonder that had clothed him with fascination was dulled within his breast. Nay, he thought the poor wine-god had a certain vulgarity in his air, and he almost yawned audibly in the face of Eros.

And now, whenever he met his favourite nymph—who was as the queen of the valley—he had the chagrin to perceive that the wrinkles deepened with every time; youth seemed rapidly to desert her; and, instead of a maiden scarcely escaped from childhood, it was an old coquette that he had been so desperately in love with. One day he could not resist saying to her, though with some embarrassment—“Pray, dearest, is it many years that you have inhabited this valley?” “Oh, indeed, many!” said she, smiling. “You are not, then, very young?” rejoined Arasmanes, ungallantly. “What!” cried the nymph, changing colour—“Do you begin to discover age in my countenance? Has any wrinkle yet appeared upon my brow? You are silent. Oh, cruel Fate! will you not spare even this lover?” And the poor nymph burst into tears. “My dear love,” said Arasmanes painfully, “it is true that time begins to creep upon you; but my friendship shall be eternal. Scarcely had he uttered these words when the nymph, rising, fixed upon him a long, sorrowful look, and then, with a loud cry, vanished from his sight. Thick darkness, as a veil, fell over the plains; the novelty of life, with its attendant, poetry, was gone from the wanderer’s path for ever.”

We also give the commencement of a very sweet poem, by Mr. Hollings:—

“Autumn has smiled its last; the rising dirge  
Of feebly morning winds is in the woods,  
Where, with the gust, in eddying circles borne,  
The yellow leaf disports, or, with the stream  
Deep rolling, hurries forward. Sternly sweep,  
Low hung o’er dim-seen hills, the trailing clouds;  
And, throwing faint, at intervals, his glance  
O’er rustling thickets, here, and fallows dun,  
And hoary towers, above whose time-worn brows  
The gilded vane more bright the ray return,  
From the far south the melancholy sun  
Looks coldly forth, then fades, obscured anon,  
There dwells a louder voice among the rocks,  
Where bursts the troubled surge: less bold to wing  
Seaward his heavy flight, along the shore  
Screams querulous and shrill the plaintive mew;  
And the broad ocean’s space, which, stretched ere-  
while

Beneath the unclouded blue of laughing skies,  
Heaved with a tint as deep, is white with foam:  
Bright glistening from the berried hawthorn’s spray,  
A mimic gem, the pendent dew-drop waves;  
While on the web, whose intertexture slight  
Hangs tremulous below, the infant frost,  
Sportive in birth, has strung its countless beads.  
Eve steals apace upon the track of noon,  
With drizzling sleep, and curling vapours grey,  
Fast gathering where the briary streamlet glides;  
And, long before her daily task is done,  
The careful housewife, frugal of the hour,  
Kindles her glimmering light, which, through the  
Of windows narrow-latticed, shoots alant  
Its beams, illuminating the parted gloom.  
Thus, in his staid and unobtrusive dress,  
Borne from his house of storms, and heralded  
By deeper shades upon the slumbering earth,  
And brighter stars upon the studded sky,  
Comes Winter to our doors with stealthy pace.  
Grave-featured guest! yet not esteemed the less,  
As leading in his train the gentle hand  
Of calm delights, and peaceful sports, which slt,  
Like household fairies, round the illumined hearth,  
And joy the purest as the widest spread,  
Which, born from social love and friendship tried,  
Through many a fair and many a clouded hour,  
Find, in their constant exercise, increase,  
And nurse in turn the sense from which they sprung.”

There is a curious account of the mines in Brazil; and we observe that the *Amulet* is inscribed to the Queen.

*Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year’s, and Birthday Present*, for 1834. Edited by F. Shoberl. London, Ackermann and Co. WE cannot say that our old friend is “a bright particular star” this season; still it contains some pleasant varieties, which will, we daresay, prove attractive to very many readers. There is an interesting story by “The Old Sailor;” some touching verses by Captain M’Naghten; and a pretty sketch by Miss Mitford. We are, however, so overdone with Annuals this week,

that we can only find room for the following verses:

“*The Mother’s Picture*. By H. F. Chorley, Esq.  
From many years of wandering, and many days of care,  
Wherein the lonely pilgrim’s heart must heavy burdens  
bear;  
From greetings cold in stranger-lands, and perils of the  
O shade of my beloved friend! I turn once more to thee.  
Fair pictured form! when last I gazed upon thy placid  
brow,  
There sat beneath thy carved frame a lovelier one than  
To me thy fixed, unaltered smile in mockery seems to try  
To give her ever-varying charms—of cheek, and lip, and  
eye.

Methinks ’twas only yesterday I stood before thee last;  
The winter whitened every stream, the heavens were  
overcast;  
But in the hall was light and fire, and round the hearth  
A small and chosen band of friends, the cheerful and the  
true.

Methinks even now her speaking smile of happiness I see,  
Two children nestled at her feet, another on her knee;  
And in her large dark eye there beamed that eloquence of  
bliss [such as this.

Which mocked the storm without, when joy within was  
I hear her voice an ancient lay of pleasant fancy sing,  
I see the children to her harp dance round in merry ring;  
Her Christmas tale of goblin-knight encased in armour  
black,  
And forest-spirit by her spring—how freshly come they  
Her hoary-headed servants loved to meet her gentle eye;  
The watchful hound roused up from sleep if she passed  
softly by:  
Fair pictured form! I gaze on thee in agony, unknown  
To those who fill the dwelling-place from which her light  
is gone.

Her laughing children—some are dead—and one is far  
away;  
Her husband, hath a second bride, a stranger-lady gay;  
Her friends have all forgotten her, for now they gather  
here,

And bear to see and talk of thee without a single tear.  
Oh! if returning home must bring such knowledge sad  
and strange, [tide of change,  
Old bonds, old memories, swept from sight by the cold  
I would that I had never lived such weary things to see,  
My lovely and forgotten friend!—lamented but by me!”

The Annuals have, almost without exception,  
taken to dark winter costumes; but the *Forget  
Me Not* is still attired in crimson silk, and very  
gay it looks; though one would think it had  
been often enough before the public to appear  
now without blushing.

*The Juvenile Forget Me Not*. Edited by Mrs.  
S. C. Hall. London, 1834. Ackermann  
and Co.; Westley and Davis.

WE have space for little more than cordially  
to welcome this pretty little volume; and while  
recommending it to our juvenile readers, or  
rather to their friends, as a delightful present,  
also mention what has most pleased us in its  
contents. “The New Year’s Gift,” by Miss  
Leslie, is a very attractive story of Franklin’s  
younger days; Miss Roberts’s “Asiatic Ad-  
ventures” are very spirited; and “The Pet  
Donkey,” by Miss Dagley, is one of those  
simple and delightful stories which the young  
reader will remember for many a long after-  
year. We quote a sweet poem by Mrs. Hemans.

“*The Bird at Sea*. By Mrs. Hemans.

“Bird of the greenwood!  
Oh! why art thou here?  
Leaves dance not o’er thee,  
Flowers bloom not near:  
All the sweet waters  
Far hence are at play—  
Bird of the greenwood,  
Away, away!”

Midst the wild billows  
Thy place will not be,  
As midst the wavings  
Of wild rose and tree:  
How shouldst thou battle  
With storm and with spray?—  
Bird of the greenwood,  
Away, away!”

Or art thou seeking  
Some brighter land,  
Where by the south wind  
Vine-leaves are fanned?  
Midst the wild billows  
Why then delay?—  
Bird of the greenwood,  
Away, away!”

“Chide not my lingering  
Where waves are dark!  
A hand that hath nursed me  
Is in the bark—  
A heart that hath cherished  
Through winter’s long day—  
So I turn from the greenwood,  
Away, away!”

The volume is greatly improved in the bind-  
ing, which is both substantial and ornamental.  
It is inscribed to the Princess Victoria.

*The Prose Works of John Milton, with an In-  
trodutory Review*. By Robert Fletcher.  
8vo. pp. 963. London, 1833. Westley and  
Davis.

NEARLY all our great English poets have been  
eminently distinguished as prose writers. It  
is only necessary to mention the names of Dry-  
den, Pope, Swift, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson,  
&c., and to point to the prose of Byron and  
Scott, to establish this fact, as affecting both our  
own and our fathers’ times. The reason is  
plain enough: it is not sufficient for a poet to  
possess a lively fancy, and a warm imagina-  
tion; he must have words at command to con-  
vey his ideas, and stamp an imperishable im-  
press of his “breathing thoughts.” The genius  
of the language must stand prepared to do his  
bidding, or his expressions will be tame, inap-  
propriate, or extravagant, and he can never  
hope to captivate the judgment, or touch the  
heart. The illustrious author of *Paradise Lost*  
stands forth in the volume before us a pre-emi-  
nent example of the fact we have just alleged.  
With the treasures of the English tongue  
opened to his eager and inquiring spirit, Milton  
was not a man to turn back from the spring  
till he had fully satiated his thirst. It is, how-  
ever, to be regretted that his knowledge and  
admiration of the authors of Greece and Rome  
led him to corrupt his mother tongue by in-  
flated Latinisms, and its idiom—a still heavier  
fault, by repeated Hebraisms; the latter, how-  
ever, occurring only in his poetry. The current  
of his diction does not flow “from the pure well  
of English undefiled:” we wish it did; for his  
prose would stand a better chance of being  
read. The character of Milton’s style is much  
the same, as far as diction is concerned, in  
verse and prose. Lofty, sonorous, and forcible,  
he seems to disdain the smooth and easy flow  
of language which gives us such exquisite de-  
light in the writings of his contemporary, Jer-  
emy Taylor; he is “vehemens” indeed, but  
not “liquidus;” yet his turns are far from  
ungraceful, and his majesty never sinks into  
heaviness. It was natural that his language  
should partake of the character of his mind:  
“he was,” to quote Dr. Johnson, “a lion  
who had no skill in dandling the kid.” He  
could cut Mount Athos into a statue, but he  
could not carve heads upon cherrystones.

The collection which is the subject of the  
present notice, and which the Introductory Re-  
viewer ironically, we presume, calls *multum in  
parvo*, (a work in royal octavo, containing,  
with the Introductory Review itself, upwards  
of a thousand closely printed pages,) compre-  
hends the whole of Milton’s political and con-  
troversial works, some tracts on Education, a  
History of Britain from the first traditional  
beginning to the period of the Norman Conquest,  
a brief History of Muscovia, and one or two  
papers on other subjects. The whole of his  
Latin writings are to be found in this volume;  
and, what will make it an acceptable addition  
to the libraries of the learned, it comprises also  
the letters of state, written by him to most of  
the sovereign princes and republics of Europe  
during the administration of the Common-  
wealth, and the Protectorates of Oliver and

Richard Cromwell; together with other state papers drawn up by him, and his own familiar epistles. To attempt to pass a separate judgment on each of these productions would be somewhat presumptuous, as Mr. Fletcher, the author of the Introductory Review prefixed to the book (like Milton, a stern republican, and ad insenter from the establishment), has already pronounced his decision. In his zeal for his author he has chivalrously donned his harness, and having vaulted on the back of his Pegasus—for Mr. Fletcher's review is quite as much, in many instances, in the style of verse as prose—he fixes his lance in the rest, and stands prepared to "run a muck, and tilt at all he meets," who may presume to differ from him in opinion. We pity Dr. Johnson. The unhappy lexicographer has to suffer the full burst of the Introductory Reviewer's indignation. He says, "Dr. Johnson's treatment of Milton is, in every possible point of view, bad;

"Unmanly, ignominious, infamous!"

Hard words, Mr. Fletcher! Again: "Johnson's life of Milton is a most disingenuous production. It is the trail of a serpent over all Milton's works. Nothing escaped the fang of detraction. The poetry is beyond the reach, though within the scope of his 'mighty malice'; and his meagre and contemptuous references in the life of their author to his prose works, are as discreditable to his taste and insight as a philosopher, as his creed is disgraceful to him as an English politician." Mercy on us! If the man who pronounced that Milton was "not the greatest poet that ever lived, only because he was not the first," is to be castigated in this merciless style, what may we not expect, if we seek for a crevice in Mr. Fletcher's coat of mail? No, no; "discretion is the better part of valour"; we prefer sleeping in a whole skin, and we shall let the Introductory Reviewer speak for himself. Hear him deliver his opinion on Milton's Four Treatises on the subject of Marriage and Divorce! "The grand position is this: that indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind, arising from a cause in nature, unchangeable, hindering, and ever likely to hinder, the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than adultery, or natural frigidity, provided there be a mutual consent for separation." This proviso, however, was not in Milton's contemplation; for he set resolutely to work at courting another lady, without waiting for his wife's consent, whom he had determined to repudiate. This by the way: but let us listen to what Mr. Fletcher says farther. "He makes out a strong *primâ facie* case \* \* \* \* It will be read, were it merely for the sake of quickening and sharpening the mind by its prodigious subtlety and acuteness, as an intellectual exercise; but it will be found much easier to deny his conclusions than to refute his arguments."

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

We hope Mr. Fletcher is not uncomfortable at home. What the ladies may think of these treatises, if, as is by no means unlikely in the present day, they ever read them, we cannot pretend to say. It is not improbable that the doctrine will become highly popular, particularly as Mr. Fletcher thinks the treatises themselves equal to any which Milton ever wrote. We have no doubt that they are.

We have been given to understand that Mr. Fletcher is a member of the legal profession, and it unquestionably is owing to his profound researches in jurisprudence that he has dis-

covered that "an enlightened government" has "the vast collegiate resources of England at its disposal,"—a fact with which we, not being lawyers, were not before acquainted. How foolishly ignorant we were! We thought, in the simplicity of our hearts, that the revenues of our university corporations could only be applied to the purposes which the testamentary dispositions of their respective founders pointed out; but it seems we were mistaken. Their disposal, according to Mr. Fletcher, rests with an "enlightened government;" and he recommends (and no one has a better right, as they may thank his discovery for the power with which they are invested over our "collegiate resources") the "enlightened government" to dispose of the said revenues in "placing an academical institute on this ideal plan (i.e. the plan laid down by Milton in his treatise on education) in every county." We are sorry we cannot afford space for the detail of this plan; our readers must take the trouble to refer to p. 98 of this volume, where they will find the original at length. In the midst of his exertions to expel kings and bishops from the land, Milton, it seems, did not forget the jarring effect which our pronunciation of Latin had on his ear, and insists in this "tractate," as Mr. Fletcher calls it, on the propriety of adopting the Italian mode of pronunciation. "For," says he, "we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward; so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a bearing as law French." This notion of Milton's, Dr. Johnson, little thinking that a Mr. Fletcher would ever write an Introductory Review of Milton's Prose Works, was rash enough to ridicule; and verily he has his reward in being called a "sneerer," and collocated with "other ushers and schoolmasters." Once more, we pity Dr. Johnson.

In conclusion, we hope that we shall be allowed to whisper in Mr. Fletcher's ear a fact which considerably militates against Milton's lofty claim to perfect disinterestedness in his opposition to bishops and their property. At the Restoration he was forced to relinquish a certain estate belonging to the dean and chapter of Westminster, which he, in the general plunder of church property, contrived to appropriate to himself. It is unfortunate for the enthusiasm of Milton's political panegyrists, that he succeeded in getting possession of this little bit of the hierarchy's spoils; had he attempted but failed to pocket any of the proceeds of the church revenues, Heaven knows to what a pitch they might not have flown! As it is, they suppress all mention of the circumstance, and call him an incorruptible patriot.

We were on the point of sending off these observations to the press when *Ivimey's Life of Milton*\* caught our eye. The writer is the author of the *History of the English Baptists*, and, we are sorry to say, seems to think himself exempted from any obligations of candour and charity in judging of the motives of others who happen to differ from him in opinion. The life of Milton is so well known to every man who pretends to the slightest acquaintance with English literature, that we may reasonably be excused from crowding our columns with any particulars relating to it: it will be sufficient to say, that this account of it is full and circumstantial. Of the celebrated MS. found in the State Paper Office,

and ascribed to Milton—of which an edition was published by the present Bishop of Winchester, the authenticity of which was controverted by the present Bishop of Salisbury; and all the particulars respecting which and this controversy (evoked at the Royal Society of Literature) have been fully recorded in the *Literary Gazette*.—Mr. Ivimey says: "All his religious sentiments published by himself in his lifetime are repeated and confirmed in this treatise, excepting those chapters which treat 'of the Son of God' and of the Holy Spirit;" and he very feelingly deplores the mental obscurity exhibited in these.

Mr. Ivimey has expended, at the close of his book, nearly forty pages of small print in "animadversions on Dr. Johnson's Life of Milton." The author is even more acrimonious in his attacks on the doctor than the gentleman whose name is at the head of our article; and, after having expressed his admiration in the body of the work of the strong terms of abuse with which Milton attacked his literary opponents, seems determined, in his "animadversions," to shew us that if he has not the strength of Milton, he has at least his coarseness. We extract, as a specimen of the tone and temper in which these animadversions are written, the epitaph which he proposes for Dr. Johnson's tomb. "Sacred to the memory of a mean detractor of virtue which he would not appreciate, of principles which he could not comprehend, and of piety which he did not imitate—the contracted Tory pensioner, dictionary compiler, high-church bigot, and semi-papish reviver, Dr. Samuel Johnson!" We will not encumber that great man's memory with our help against such an assailant. We are reminded of the javelin of Priam and the shield of Pyrrhus.

*Friendship's Offering; and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1834.* 12mo. pp. 384. London, 1834. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A VERY charming volume, with some of the most pleasant stories, and graceful poetry, that we have seen. The first tale, by Leitch Ritchie, though in quite a different style from his usual manner, is exquisite; and both Miss Stickney, and the Author of the "Puritan's Grave," have contributed—the one, two sweetly told narratives, and the other some lively and clever sketches. We quote a poem of Mrs. Norton's, one of the most touching and beautiful that she ever wrote:—

"To my Child.

They say thou art not fair to others' eyes,  
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine!  
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks  
What name, what home, what parentage are thine;  
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,  
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful?—To me it seems  
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair—  
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips—  
The light that falls upon thy shining hair—  
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek—  
Must all of nature's endless beauty speak!

The very pillow which thy head hath prest  
Through the past night, a picture brings to me  
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,  
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee;  
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,  
The mother's lingering gaze, and long good night!

Yea even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,  
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun)  
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,  
A something bright and fair to gaze upon;  
I press thy little eager hand the while,  
And do not even turn to see thee smile!

Art thou not beautiful?—I hear thy voice—  
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth—  
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet  
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring-earth,  
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine, I fear  
Love hath bewitch'd mine eyes—my only dear!

\* 8vo. pp. 397. London, E. Wilson.



Beauty is that which dazzles—that which strikes—  
That which doth paralyse the gazer's tongue,  
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise  
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along;  
Sunbeams are beautiful—and gilded halls—  
Wide terraces—and showery waterfalls.

Yet are there things which through the gazing eye  
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,  
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise;  
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above;  
A nook that was our childhood's resting-place—  
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart  
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress;  
And what it could not say was *beautiful*,  
Yet gained the dearer term of *loveliness*.  
*The loved are lovely*—so art thou to me,  
Child in whose face strange eyes no beauty see!"

We must find space for some "Curiosities of Literature," by S. T. Coleridge.

"1. *Hymn to the Earth.*

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse  
and the mother,  
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and  
blessing, I hymn thee!  
Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp and my voice  
shall float on your surges—  
Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on  
thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows,  
and lake with green island,  
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing  
in brightness,  
Thrilled with thy beauty and love, in the wooded  
slope of the mountain,  
Here, great Mother, I lie, thy child with its head on  
thy bosom!  
Playful the spirits of moon, that creep or rush through  
thy tresses:  
Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark as they  
hurry or linger,  
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain with musical  
murmurs. (sadness)  
Into my being thou murmurest joy; and tenderness  
Shed'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the  
heavenly sadness  
Shed themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the  
hymn of thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse  
and the mother, (rejoice!)  
Sister thou of the Stars, and beloved by the Sun, the  
Guardian and friend of the Moon, O Earth, whom the  
Comets forget not,  
Yes, in the measureless distance wheel round, and again  
they behold thee! (Creation?)  
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of  
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee  
enamoured! (dew!)  
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great Mother and God-  
Wast it not well with thee, then, when first thy lap was  
ungrided,  
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee  
and won thee!  
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes  
of morning! (retention)  
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throes of thy self-  
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself as thy  
centre! (forthwith)  
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and  
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty  
embracement.  
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-  
fold instincts,  
Fild, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on  
their channels:  
Laugh'd on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning  
ocean swell'd upward:  
Young life leaved through the meadows, the woods, and  
the echoing mountains,  
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossoming  
branches.

"2. *English Hexameters, written during a temporary blindness in the year 1790.*

O, what a life is the eye! what a strange and in-  
scrutable essence!  
Him, that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that  
warms him; (mother)  
Him, that never beheld the swelling breast of his  
Hint, that smiled in his gladness, as a babe that smiles in  
its slumber! (prison!)  
Even for him it exists! It moves and stirs in its  
Lives with a separate life, and 'is it a spirit?' he  
murmurs. (language!)

'Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only a

"3. *The Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,  
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the  
ocean.

"4. *The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;  
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back."

"5. *A Verified Reflection.*

[A force is the provincial term in Cumberland for any narrow  
fall of water from the summit of a mountain precipice. The  
following stanza (it may not arrogate the name of poem), or  
verified reflection, was composed while the author was gazing  
on three parallel forces, on a moonlight night, at the foot of  
the Saddleback Fell.—S. T. C.]

On stern Blencarth's perilous height

The wind is tyrannous and strong:

And flashing forth unsteady light

From stern Blencarth's skiey height

As loud the torrents throng!

Beneath the moon in gentle weather

They bind the Earth and Sky together:

But O! the Sky, and all its forms, how quiet!

The things that seek the Earth, how full of noise

and riot!"

There are some pretty Scotch songs by the  
Editor, and a Spanish legend by Mr. Inglis;  
altogether forming a very varied and attractive  
table of contents.

*Turkey, by an American.*

[Fourth notice.]

OUR American author was at Constantinople  
when the first news of the invasion of the  
pashalik of Acre by Mehemet Ali arrived;  
and it was consequently known that he had  
altogether thrown off his subjection to the  
sultan. He thus remarks upon the event:—

"It is said by some that Mehemet is urged on  
to his present course by the influence of Eng-  
land, who wishes him to be involved in an open  
war with the sultan, and thus free Egypt from  
his presence, where it is surmised that England  
purposes to interpose her own barriers against  
any future attempts upon her eastern posses-  
sions. Others assert that the present difficulty  
is a mere preconceived scheme got up between  
the two pachas, and that Mehemet's ultimate  
designs aspire even to the throne of Turkey.  
Both speculations are, in all probability, equally  
absurd, though they are maintained with great  
positiveness. But whatever may be the real  
motive, the government is apparently in great  
trepidation, and an unusual activity prevails in  
the arsenal and other public works. The fleet  
is ordered to be got ready for sea, the men are  
employed night and day, and any one who was  
ignorant of the Turkish character would sup-  
pose that some important step would be taken  
immediately. Not a single thing, I now ven-  
ture to predict, will be done for months to  
come. However pressing the emergency, how-  
ever urgent the occasion, the eternal pipe must  
be smoked, and a campaign will often be fought  
before they have had time to lay the plans.  
The ordinary business of life is conducted upon  
the principle that hasty decisions are incompat-  
ible with the exercise of sound judgment; and  
of the value of time the Turks do not appear to  
have the smallest fraction of an idea. Their  
favourite proverb, that 'in a cart drawn by  
oxen you may overtake a hare,' illustrates in  
a striking degree the dilatory habits of the  
people. To a bystander nothing can be more  
entertaining than the manner in which Turks  
settle, or, I should rather say, discuss, the most  
urgent matters. The subject is examined and  
considered in all its bearings with acuteness,  
but nothing definite is determined upon, except  
that both parties exclaim *Mashallah!* or, God  
is great. At the next interview the subject is  
again canvassed, and dismissed with *Inshallah!*  
—if God pleases. The next interview terminates  
with *Allah keyrim!* or, God is merciful; but  
still nothing is decided upon. Another con-  
ference, if the business is of a very pressing  
nature, concludes with the important excla-  
mation *Bakallum!*—we shall see; and thus the  
business drags on from week to week, and from  
month to month, until positive necessity com-  
pels them to bring it to a rapid and often lame  
conclusion. This tardiness in business arises

from no want of capacity, nor from indecision  
of character; but simply because they consider  
it indecorous to decide promptly. It is a part  
and parcel of the Oriental character, and seems  
to be a sort of parody upon the *festina lente* of  
the Romans. But whatever may be the cause,  
its effects upon the empire are apparent. The  
wheels of government move slowly, and at  
times appear almost stopped. It requires no  
prophet to inform us that in a contest with any  
European nation, they will be infallibly beaten,  
unless more vigour and promptness are infused  
into their public councils. We feel some inter-  
est in the existence of Turkey as an independ-  
ent nation; but at the same time cannot con-  
ceal our misgivings, that although now upheld  
by the conflicting interests of the various Euro-  
pean powers, the time is not far distant when  
she will be crushed by the colossal power of  
Russia; and her fate will certainly be hastened,  
if not almost invited, by *Mashallah, Inshallah,*  
and *Bakallum.*"

At a later period, he adds—

"Of all his sons, Ibrahim most resembles old  
Mehemet. He terminated, successfully, the  
war against the Wahabees, a sort of Moham-  
medan Methodists; and in the Morea distin-  
guished himself equally by the energy and  
judgment which he displayed against the arms  
of the Greeks and the diplomatic acts of the  
European cabinets. Like his father, too, he is  
distinguished for his insatiable avarice and his  
indulgence in sensual gratifications. In tracing  
the history of Ibrahim, it is pleasing to find,  
even upon the most barbarous prince, the  
benign influence of public opinion. In his  
expeditions against the hordes of Wahabees,  
Ibrahim displayed the most cold-blooded atro-  
city; and yet (notwithstanding the assertions of  
mendacious Greeks) his conduct in the Morea  
was distinguished by a minute attention to the  
rules of modern warfare, and even by traits of  
humanity. The principal officers of Mehemet  
are his sons-in-law and other relatives. His  
grandson, a son of Toussoum Pacha, is now in  
Syria with his uncle Ibrahim. The admiral  
of the fleet, Mouhareem Bey, a son-in-law of  
Mehemet, is a man of no particular eminence;  
but he has excellent French and Greek officers  
under him, well-appointed vessels, and in all  
probability will be a match for the Ottoman  
fleet. Ahmet Bey, another son-in-law, is the  
Defterdar of Egypt, and has committed atro-  
cities which would disgrace even the most cruel  
of our Indian tribes. It is reported, that upon  
one occasion a poor woman complained that a  
soldier had drunk her milk, and refused to pay  
her: he ordered the stomach of the soldier to  
be ripped open upon the spot, giving the woman  
warning, at the same time, that if the milk was  
not found, she must submit to the same fate.  
Luckily for the poor woman, the milk was  
found in the stomach of the soldier, and she  
was dismissed, after having been paid for her  
milk. The minister of the interior, Scherif  
Bey, is also a relative of Mehemet. He bears  
an irreproachable character, and is governor of  
Upper Egypt. Osman Bey is the major-gener-  
al of the army. He resided seven years in  
England, France, and Italy; and upon his  
return founded Lancaster schools, and a mili-  
tary and naval college. He is active in his  
endeavours to introduce all the arts of civilised  
life, and is the chief favourite with the padri-  
shah of Egypt. The minister of commerce and  
of the interior, Yousouf, is an Armenian of  
Smyrna, of great talents, of unwearied applica-  
tion, and immense wealth. Mehemet places  
great confidence in him; and indeed, from his  
position, he may be called the prime minister

of Egypt,  
of the sh  
whom it  
from spec  
rebellion  
Turkey,  
of both  
much bl  
wasted.  
weakene  
it scarce  
Turkey  
while Eg  
of Engla  
curing I  
Indian p  
We he  
out Asia  
partisan  
views of  
author  
the prec  
in all p  
cheerest  
comes to  
that few  
entirely  
England  
of the N  
that con  
publish  
to consi  
vince.  
and all  
Hence,  
giers a  
stretch  
thence  
this wo  
tent ou  
pancy,  
Our  
Monite  
Consta  
"Th  
tiredly d  
have ei  
may pu  
editors  
ed Tur  
the em  
from in  
title, w  
nicle o  
column  
article  
the ch  
part of  
ted in  
standi  
article  
while  
and is  
newsp  
paper  
cious,  
Persia  
to the  
article  
of the  
are gi  
newsp  
grand  
upon  
state,  
Orien  
with  
their  
blood  
the G

of Egypt. In summing up this brief account of the situation of Egypt, and the men by whom it is governed, it is impossible to refrain from speculating upon the influence which this rebellion will have upon the future destinies of Turkey. That it will cripple the resources of both parties there can be little doubt, and much blood and treasure will be uselessly wasted. Both will expose themselves to be a weakened prey to their now quiet enemies; for it scarcely requires a prophetic eye to see that Turkey will be an easier morsel to Russia, while Egypt will be overrun with the soldiers of England, who is anxiously desirous of securing Egypt, as the important key to her Indian possessions."

We here find the parrot-note spread throughout Asia, Africa, and Europe (wherever French partisans roam and speculate), regarding the views of England upon Egypt, repeated by the author as a positive political truth, which in the preceding quotation he had declared to be in all probability absurd. It is thus that the sheerest nonsense or falsehood, if often heard, comes to gain some belief; and it is certain that few travellers in those countries can get entirely rid of the perpetually asserted story that England aims at establishing a power in the land of the Nile. In fact, ever since the invasion of that country by Buonaparte, and the volumes published concerning it, France has not ceased to consider it as in some measure her own province. Hence the idle jealousy of England, and all the reports so widely disseminated. Hence, perhaps, the step which has made Algiers a French colony; and the views which stretch all round the coast, or across the Sahara, thence to Thebes and Cairo. But to discuss this would lead us into politics; and we content ourselves with the criticism on the discrepancy, and the hint on the future prospects.

Our author saw the first No. of the Ottoman *Moniteur* struck off in the printing-house at Constantinople:—

"This paper is published in two forms, entirely distinct and separate; so that one may have either a French or a Turkish copy, as he may prefer. There are, of course, two chief editors; one is Mehemet Esad Effendi, a learned Turk, who is likewise historiographer of the empire. The Turkish newspaper differs from its French twin-brother, not only in its title, which is *Takvimme Vaykakee*, or *Chronicle of Events*, but in the contents of its columns. Thus, for instance, the French article relating to the late fire, which repels the charge of apathy and indifference on the part of the public authorities, is entirely omitted in the Turkish version. But notwithstanding the suppression of this and other articles, the Turkish paper occupies six pages, while its French namesake contains but four, and is about the ordinary size of a French newspaper: the style of the Turkish newspaper is said by competent judges to be perspicuous, and free from the foppishness of Arabic and Persian words. The difference in size is owing to the fact, that in the Turkish version the articles are much amplified; and the titles alone of the different public characters named, which are given at full length, would almost fill a newspaper of themselves. This fondness for grandiloquent and ambitious titles, often charged upon the Turks as an evidence of a barbarous state, is neither peculiar to them nor is it of Oriental origin. The Turks have borrowed it, with the crescent, and many other things, from their Grecian predecessors. In reading the blood-stained annals of the lower empire, under the Greeks, it is not uncommon to meet with

epithets like the following applied by a Christian emperor to himself. 'The very sublime Isaac (Isaac II.), most holy, most excellent, and most powerful, created by God emperor and master of the Romans; the angel of the whole earth, sovereign over all sovereigns, &c.' The subscriptions to this paper already exceed 5000, and the number is said to be rapidly increasing; the two chief editors receive \$8000 per annum for their services. We were received with much civility by the French editor, Mr. Blaque, who politely took us round the establishment. Mr. B. is a native of France, who has resided in this country fifteen years, and is perfectly conversant with the Turkish language and manners. He was at one period of his life in New York, where he spent several months, and speaks like a liberal man of our country and its institutions. He conducted for several years a newspaper at Smyrna, with great ability, and with so much freedom that he gave mortal offence to several of the European powers."

On visiting the dry docks, the author inspected the Mahmoud, which he tells us "is chiefly remarkable for being the largest ship in the world, and is built upon the French model."

"Although no sailor (he adds), we could not fail to notice some particulars in her construction and arrangement in which she differs from our vessels. The birth and spar-decks had no knees, and the beams, which were six feet apart, had no carlins between them. Instead of hammocks there were a number of little raised platforms on the birth-deck for the men to lie down upon, and between these and the sides of the vessel were small lockers to contain the clothes of the men. The Mahmoud, although commenced only a few years ago, yet from carelessness or ignorance in the selection of materials (all sorts of timber in every possible condition having been employed), the dry-rot has already appeared in her, and made no inconsiderable progress. Through the politeness of the chief constructor we were furnished with the following statement of her dimensions, which was afterward verified by one of our friends in English feet and inches:—

"Length of the lower gun-deck, 223 ft.; extreme breadth, 61 ft. 8 in.; depth from the base-line, 39 ft.; height of birth-deck, 7 ft. 9 in.; lower deck, 8 ft.; second deck, 7 ft. 6 in.; third deck, 7 ft. 6 in.; upper deck, 7 ft.; length of the mainmast, 139 ft.; diameter of ditto, 4 ft.; draft forward, 26 ft. 11 in.; aft, 27 ft. 9 in.; burden, 3934 tons.

She is planked inside and out with soft pine, and the workmanship is very rough, although her model is good. She is pierced for 140 guns, which are to be 42's, 32's, and 18's, with 60lb. carronades."

The following vouches for a slashing cutter: "In the use of the handjari, a short curved sword, with its edge on the concave side, the Turkish executioners are said to be extremely expert. An individual was pointed out to us who had attained considerable distinction in this line, and it was asserted of him, that he has frequently, at a single blow, cut through the bodies of four sheep suspended in a row. This feat appears to surpass that described by Scott in his novel of the *Crusaders*."

It does, indeed! The manufacturing of silk in Constantinople is then described: but we must halt again in this critique.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### RETURN OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

It is with the strongest emotions of delight that we announce the safe return of Captain Ross and all his adventurous companions, ex-

cept three; two of whom died on the voyage out, and one at a later period. Hope had been excited in consequence of the arrival of the *Cove*, Greenlandman, in the Tyne; which vessel had picked up a portable soup-cannister (numbered, near the handle, 16), and found near a small hut in which coal had been used as fuel. The site was Kardy Bay, near the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet. The *Swan* of Hull, another whaler, picked up several tobacco-pipes, marked Deptford, not far from the same place; and these came as a presage of happy omen of the safety of the gallant *Ross* and his crew, which has since been fully confirmed. They are (with the exception of the mate, who is in the North Pole of Leith) on board the *Isabella* of Hull, and have arrived off Peterhead. According to the report, Captain *Ross* had got to the wreck of the *Fury*, and had fitted up her boats, in which he had proceeded in search of the whale-ships, and had fortunately fallen in with the *Isabella*.

Such is the sum of the intelligence respecting this most interesting event, which has reached London in any thing like an authentic form; and we can only add the following particulars, derived from the best sources to which we could refer at our latest hour.

The news was immediately communicated to his Majesty, who, with his strong natural sailor feeling, expressed his satisfaction in the warmest manner.

Captain *Ross* is hourly expected in town, and it is said that a letter from him has been received; but there is nothing official at the Admiralty. We think it may, from the concurrent testimony of private accounts, be believed, that he lost his ship and steamer the first season; and was blocked up for eleven months in ice. Since that period, happily saved by finding the *Fury* (which our readers may remember was the strong hope held out at the meetings of the Geographical Society when the subscription was entered upon); the forlorn party preserved, for nearly three years, a precarious, and almost desperate existence, upon such means as these frozen regions and dismal seas afforded, in aid of their own, no doubt, and only for a while, scantily issued provisions.

Had they not providentially fallen in with the whalers, they must soon have perished.

With what intense anxiety will the public look for the narrative of their adventures! And how satisfactory must it be to the subscribers to that fund which has despatched Captain *Back's* expedition in search of them, that this manifestation of good feeling took place; that the country's name was rescued from the disgrace of leaving them to their fate; and that, regardless of the bodings of croakers, a course was adopted alike honourable to the parties, and, now, so grateful to the hearts of their restored countrymen.

We shall only notice that letters have also been received from Capt. *Back*, dated Norway House, Jack River, 19th June. The communication is favourable; but we need not go into the details.

The committee of the Geographical Society met yesterday, to discuss the propriety of despatching a messenger to overtake Capt. *Back*, if possible, and apprise him of Capt. *Ross's* safe return; which would alter his line of proceedings in many important respects.

Since preparing this account, and waiting to a late hour of night, we add, with much concern, that the non-arrival of farther intelligence has cast a shade of melancholy doubt over the news. Surely, so cruel and horrible a story could never have been invented, if not true.

## FINE ARTS.

## WINTER EXHIBITION.

BEFORE we proceed to notice the works of living artists, which are intermingled with those of their predecessors, we must take the opportunity of expressing our gratification at finding that the Society of British Artists, in this, as in the case of their former Winter Exhibition, allow admission gratuitously to every "known artist." Such conduct is highly liberal, and is well worthy of imitation.

Of the performances of those veterans, Sir William Beechey and Mr. Stothard, there are in these rooms some fine specimens, — the works of "auld lang syne." Among them, the former has *Mrs. Siddons bearing away the Emblems of Tragedy from the Tomb of Shakespeare*, painted in the year 1793; and *H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex as Colonel of the Loyal North Britons*, which we have always considered to be one of his best and most characteristic pictures: the latter, *Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age*; the date of the execution of which we do not remember, but which, whether from care or cleaning, retain their pristine freshness and beauty.

To come to more recent productions: — The different qualities of art are often so divided in the works of different artists, when seen collectively, that it becomes difficult to decide on the degree of merit which should bear away the palm. On the present occasion, however, we have no hesitation in saying, that it is due to Mr. C. Landseer, for his admirable picture, *Clarissa Harlowe in the Prison-Room of the Sheriff's Officer*. Of its class, it approaches more nearly to the "faultless monster" than almost any modern performance we have seen: in its technicalities of execution, colouring, and chiaroscuro, it may vie with the best productions of Metz; and in its sentiment, its appropriate accessories, but, above all, the personal beauty of the heroine, and the deep pathos of her expression, it has never been surpassed.

When winter shall have spread its mantle of snow or fog over the face of nature, and the country and its prospects shall be hid from our sight, their semblance will glow on the walls of this gallery, and their future re-enjoyment be anticipated through the perspective of the imagination. To this, as well as to the other parts of the pictorial banquet, both the members of the Society and the auxiliary exhibitors have largely contributed. The classic and the pastoral in landscape are illustrated by the pencils of Messrs. Hofland, Linton, R. B. Davis, J. Wilson, Allen, Childe, Shayer, &c.; and no less by those of Messrs. Constable, F. Watts, Pyne, Creswick, Stark, Tennant, Cooper, &c. A few of these, as well as a few of the pictures of more miscellaneous character, we shall briefly particularise.

No. 17. *Vandervelde's Yacht*. J. Wilson. — Our attention was attracted to this clever production not less by the nature of the subject than by the ability with which it is executed. It represents Vandervelde, during the furious naval engagement between the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam in 1665, pursuing his professional studies, unconcernedly, in the midst of the contending parties. The only parallel to such devotion that we recollect was in the case of the late Thomas Sandby, R.A., who was secretary to the great Duke of Cumberland, and who, among other of the duke's battles, being present at that of Culloden, quietly employed himself in sketching the field of action, and the order of the two armies;

and was induced to quit his station only by the dropping shot that fell close to him. The Duke of Wellington is in possession of the drawing.

(To be continued.)

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir*. 1834. SOME of these plates are exceedingly beautiful. We have seldom seen any thing with which we were more pleased than the "Oriental Love-Letter," painted by De Tousse, engraved by W. Ensom. The design reminds us strongly of the elegant comedy of Smirke's pencil, and it is sweetly engraved. — The grouping and general management of the crowd in "Austrian Pilgrims," painted by G. R. Lewis, engraved by J. B. Allen, are admirable. — "St. Michael's Mount," painted by C. Bentley, engraved by J. Thomas, is full of spirited effect. To say that "Fisher Children" is painted by W. Collins, R.A. is to say that it is very interesting: it is well engraved by J. Outrim. — But that the English Astyanax seems to be a braver boy than was the young Trojan, the "Departure for Waterloo," painted by R. Edmonstone, engraved by H. Shenton, would be a faithful and happy pictorial translation of the celebrated and affecting passage in the Iliad, the idea of which it immediately recalls. — We almost feel and hear the breeze that is so unmercifully blowing about the drapery of "the Fisher's Wife;" painted by J. Holmes, engraved by P. Lightfoot. — The remaining embellishments are, — "The Contrast," painted by J. Wright, engraved by P. Lightfoot; "Hawking," painted by G. Cattermole, engraved by W. Greatbach; "Innocence," painted by Greuze, engraved by S. Sangster; and "Portrait," painted and engraved by F. C. Lewis.

*Illustrations to the New Year's Gift*. 1834. EIGHT pretty little plates, engraved from well-selected subjects; several of them French. Our favourites are, "Hop-picking;" T. Uwins pinxt., J. Outrim sculpt. A simple and pleasing composition, that would make an excellent companion to Benwell's celebrated "Children in the Wood." — "The Huguenot Exiles;" J. Beaume pinxt., W. Greatbach sculpt. There is a pathos in this interesting group well calculated to excite compassion. It is admirably engraved. — "The Fisher Boy;" J. Rogers pinxt., W. Greatbach sculpt. Picturesque. — "The French Schoolmaster;" J. Beaume pinxt., W. Greatbach sculpt. Our fingers tingle at the sight of the ferule with which the ruthless pedagogue is about to torture his unhappy pupil. — "The Sketch-Book;" F. Stone pinxt., W. Greatbach sculpt. We have seldom seen a more simple and elegant design. A graceful girl of sixteen is turning over her drawings, and receiving the compliments of her youthful and rather dandy lover. We think we hear the dialogue:

He. Charming! A perfect Turner! Who is your master?

She. I never had any.

He. Ah! how unnecessary is instruction to genius! &c. &c. &c.

*The Landscape Album; or, Great Britain Illustrated*. Containing Fifty-nine Views by W. Westall, Esq. A.R.A., with Descriptions of the Scenery by T. Moule, Esq. Second Series. London, 1834. C. Tilt.

RECEIVED on Thursday, we have only time to say of this (we suppose we should call it) Annual, that the numerous views are various

and locally interesting — such as the artist would choose for subjects, and the antiquary or topographer for descriptions. Mr. Westall and Mr. Moule go excellently together, hand in hand.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## RESCUED RECORDS. NO. VI.

(Supposed to have been written by a XX-Marine under his present Majesty.)

[In this and other fragmental portions of the Marine's MS. it is plain that, like those who wish to do away with the climbing boys, he has not stood nice about sweeping assertions. It must also be admitted that he has unquestionably kept up the old-established character of a traveller by his stories. But it will hardly be believed, that the account of Crispin's persecution, in consequence of discovering a hidden secret, owes its origin to the Marine having heard while here some vague allusion to the tale of *Caleb Williams*! This, nevertheless, is a fair specimen of how fire-side travellers are taken in!]

*Field Sports, &c.* — One of these people's favourite field sports is sporting in the hay-fields, which affords another specimen of their notions of equality; for, in the end, say they, we are ourselves no better than hay — as all flesh is grass, and must soon be cut down. Judging by the shortness of many, one might suppose they had already been cut down; and I must likewise admit that, like hay, they are unfortunately frequently trussed. They have many other field sports, such as cricket, which proves that bats may commonly be seen in the daylight; besides foot-ball, fly-the-garter, &c. &c. They are also much addicted to hunting; but I understand that hunting the slipper does not mean fox-hunting — though reynard often gives them the slip. On Easter Monday every body goes to Epping to hunt the stag; when their neglected business plainly bespeaks a stag-nation — it turns out a dear hunt to many of them. They are so partial to this pastime, that it is not uncommon for them even to hunt their friends. Some of them tried for many years, and at last succeeded in having a Hunt in the House of Commons! However, I do not think this passion for hunting so strong as it was some time ago, when, as a recommendation to have enough of it, you read on all the dead walls, "Hunt for ever!" Great complaints are made against the laws for preserving game; and I myself think it unnecessary to be so cautious about it while they are all so very ready at making game. You might suppose that rabbits are plentiful here; for though boroughs are not numerous in London, few walls are without their "WARRENS."

Notwithstanding the severity of the Game-Laws, the game is very often lost at Crockford's,\* and other places in St. James's. But being cheated out of your game by a blackleg, and being robbed of it by a poacher, are very different matters — the blackleg is only transported for a moment when successful; while the poacher is often transported for seven years when not successful. These blacklegs, from their seldom letting any one else get the game, may well be called gamekeepers. The law ought to inflict some of its severities upon them, — and I would recommend flogging as a striking punishment. \* \* \* I have discovered that "Jones's Lucifer's," though they were a sort of explosion, are not what are

\* I am informed that this notorious gambler was a fishmonger — which accounts for his being scaly; and that he no sooner led off Clubs than others followed suit!



meant by "shooting matches;" and that though the men have shot-belts, and the women shot silks, shooting is principally practised in the country—they only shoot coals in town. However, in spite of their fondness for all kinds of shooting, you will hear many a one, upon a pinch, complain of his shooting corn. This last observation leads me to remark, that, notwithstanding their being an agricultural people, much suffering is at times experienced by the corn-raisers; and also brings forcibly to my mind a story I accidentally heard related of poor Tim Crispin, who was shamefully ill-used, though many a one would have had no corn had it not been for his sewing. I will briefly attempt his melancholy history:—

In choosing a profession, Crispin resolved to follow the steps of his father, who had lived comfortably by the steps of other people for many years, and was always telling his son what the currier said when the town was besieged—that "there's nothing like leather;" forgetting that caoutchouc was not then in use. Besides, what is more like leather than a slice of a tough old goose? But let us return to Crispin. He learnt his business—opened a shop—and every thing went on in a most favourable way; till one fatal day, when he unfortunately offended an old maid by discovering and alluding to her bunyons while measuring her for a pair of white satins.

From that hour he was a ruined man. She vowed to have revenge, and accordingly set about it at once, determining to be satisfied with nothing less than making such a charge against him that no one would afterwards like to stand in his shoes! And how does the reader suppose this wicked desire was accomplished? First, by giving out, as publicly as she could, that Crispin was a Corn-ish shoemaker! This, as he said, was treading upon his toes pretty smartly, but was not true—for though born in the country, he was a "war-ranted town-made" shoemaker; and when she added that his father was so before him, and had brought him up to it, he declared it to be false, and considered it no better than asserting that, till he was of age, he was a Corn-ish minor!

Notwithstanding the seriousness of the charge, poor Crispin for a while indulged a hope that her efforts would not do him much injury; but he was woefully mistaken—for old maids are considered good authority in some matters; while the state of their toes is often the greatest proof that they belong to the tender sex. It is true she used no fire-arms, yet she availed herself of every chance of wounding his feelings; while her aim, like the sportsman's, was too plainly proved by her reports. She told one of her female friends that if she had any thing to do with Crispin, she would inevitably become—without attending the Mart—a real corn-martyr; besides which, if she had her corn from him, she would most likely have to keep it for a constancy; while at the Mart she might have it, like her lodgings, by the quarter.

Under the influence of these alarming rumours, Crispin's business soon fell off most fearfully; and, through fretting, he grew so thin that he seemed to be getting as scarce as his customers. Day after day he heard something annoying which his destroyer had said. She told every body that his shoes were neither rights and lefts nor straights—but that they were all corn-ers! This was a gross insult to a man of Crispin's spirit; but, as he said, so fast did she spread these reports, that one seemed to be treading on the heel of the other.

The next thing he heard was something

which she probably thought very ironical: viz. that he would be a capital shoemaker for a farmer, as the latter would soon find his corn shooting up a foot almost every minute. All this, however, Crispin endured, as well as he could, for some months, fondly clinging to his last and only hope, which was this:—she who had blighted his prospects had an asthma; and, as the winter was approaching, he trusted that there was some chance of "a happy release." But, alas! even in this he was disappointed; for winter came, with very few fogs, and found her as busy with Crispin's affairs as ever. She had a suitable report prepared for him as soon as the cold weather set in; and she took pains to give it even a wider circulation than the others. Yes! the malicious ancient Briton seriously warned every one against going to Crispin's shop, declaring that it would be highly dangerous to deal with him in the frosty weather, as all his shoes were slippers! This was enough; the unhappy man saw that he had been completely and speedily victimised; or, in other words, that he had been, like his repairs, "executed with despatch." It was all over with him; and he now resolved to give up his business (which, by the by, seemed almost to have given him up); but not without letting people know the cause of his merciless persecution. Accordingly, he told every one he met the plain reason of the old maid's spite—viz. that he had observed and unthinkingly alluded to her bunyons.

This, of course, soon reached her ears, and threw her into a dreadful flutter. She declared he was a vile slanderer, and determined to pay him a visit to make him repent of his doings. Crispin was one day sitting in his shop, ruminating on the prospect of his shoes lasting longer than those made by any other maker—and, indeed, on the likelihood of their never being worn out—when in walked the modern antique. She began to talk in a most alarming manner, and almost frightened him away; but after a while he gained a little courage, and at length boldly upbraided her with her conduct. In short, so warmly did he charge her with her cruelty to him, that she soon appeared more frightened than he had been; and, to put an end to his lecture, she suddenly fainted! This was an unlooked-for occurrence, which in a minute deprived poor Crispin of all his courage. He knew not what to do—there she was, something like a dead woman, and he might be charged with having killed her! He could stay no longer, but rushed from the shop for ever, leaving her in full possession of all the shoes, only muttering as he went out, that he had never in his life understood any thing about fainting, though a very good judge of fits! But the most remarkable part of the story is the conclusion; for, astounded to relate, she soon recovered from her faint, and, I blush to say, has ever since carried on a snug business in Crispin's shop as a lady's shoemaker!

Crispin was not heard of for some years after his sudden disappearance; but, I am happy to add, has lately been discovered in the person of a great fishmonger at the west end—a trade which he no doubt finds much better, and far more pleasant, as he can now even take the skin off his customers' soles if he likes, without getting into trouble about their corns or bunyons.

F. B. F.

#### AUTHORISED IMPOSITIONS?

In looking round at the various methods which the ingenuity of a trading people is ever inventing for the grand purpose (almost the sole pur-

pose for which Englishmen live) of making money, we cannot but be amused with several processes which are at present brought continually before the public, in the shapes of advertisements, puffs, police reports, and lawsuits. The old and stale practices, though they prevail as extensively as ever, do not seem sufficient for the more ambitious graspings of our march-of-intellect age. It is true that much of our milk is daily drawn from the pump and chalk-pit; that our bread is redolent of ground bones, plaster of Paris, and alum; that our sugar is more sanded than our kitchen floors; that our beer is often unconscious of hop, but compensated by abundance of *Cocculus indicus*, &c.; that our wines are every thing except vinous; and, in short, that Death continues to wallop in the pot with every article of consumption: but these are comparatively paltry, secret, concealed, and retail doings; not open, patent, and wholesale!

At the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor, Sir Peter Laurie,—whose judicial dealings with great bold frauds (kicking aside the quibblings of the law, as adduced to mystify him by lawyers) have done him so much honour, and the capital and country so much service,\*—has recently had a puzzled, if not a puzzling task, with a question about what is called British Leaf; that is, with a manufacture of all the leaves which can be readily gathered from sloe-bushes, willows, ash-trees, or any other handy shrubs or trees, and made to resemble tea. Of this pretty imitation, several thousand pounds weight, which had been seized by the excise, was last week condemned to be burnt, in spite of the maker having a patent for his invention.

The public interest is clearly affected in two ways by the production of such a commodity as the *British Leaf*, as it is by *Roasted Corn*, and *British Brandy*.

The first question which suggests itself, is not simply whether the article produced is deleterious and hurtful, but whether it possesses the value and qualities of that other article which it is so like in appearance, and for which it may pretend to be a substitute?

Secondly, supposing it to be perfectly innocuous, if it does not offer a temptation to fraud, alike injurious to the honest trader, and an imposition upon every purchaser?

On the first point, we confess we are not inclined to think so highly of your clever imitators, as to believe that they will be very scrupulous about the exact properties of the spurious material. If sloe-leaves can be gathered more easily and abundantly than myrtle-leaves; if horse-beans are more accessible, and if heated and spoilt grain of any description is more plentiful and cheap than sound wheat,—the first will have a tolerable chance of becoming British Tea, and the last two, of supplying the places of Mocha coffee and French brandy.

And as we do not think the speculators have any wish to poison even in jest, we the rather look upon the mercantile side of the affair as the chief evil. The ready means of adulterating high-priced provisions ought to be guarded against or prohibited. The best British brandy may be manufactured with a large profit at 15s. or 16s. per gallon: the duty on the lowest foreign is 22s. 6d. What is the natural consequence? There is hardly a spirit-dealer or tavern-keeper in England who does not, if not entirely sell the one for the other, mix the

\* We were tempted lately to go and witness the administration of justice at this court, and certainly were both pleased and edified by the straightforward good sense and acuteness with which the cases were taken up, and the unflinching firmness with which the best-defended delinquents were treated.—*Ed. L. G.*

cheaper spirit largely with the dearer, and charge not less than 25s. often 35s. for the compound! This, even without the usual tricks of reducing, watering, or other common ways, is a nice and innocent mode of turning an honest penny! If beans or peas make good cheering coffee, it is well; but as they neither pay importation cost nor duties, and people might themselves gather and roast, we would rather that they did not form a third of every pound of coffee which is retailed throughout the country. And as for the black-thorn black and greenwood green tea-leaves, it would not so much signify that the poorer classes drank themselves into dilution and cholera with such beverage; only it is objectionable that they should give six or eight shillings a pound for the supplies of the adjoining hedges, under the idea that they are draining the Chinese empire of its choicest refection.

If not rogish in themselves, all these things are the causes and means of almost universal rogery. The revenue is defrauded; there is no check over the trash which is employed in the manufactures; there is no guard against their being used *ad libitum* in the adulteration of necessities in common request, and of considerable price. Two of them, at least, tea and brandy (for we are not aware that the infusion of roasted corn is much drank), are stupendous additions to the already far too numerous methods by which the purchasers can be deceived and cheated. We trust the sensible line taken by the magistrate will meet with powerful co-operation in all similar cases, from those who have to frame or administer our jurisprudence. It will be all the better for every consumer, in purse and in health.

#### DRAMA.

MANY novelties demand our notice, which, if not of much value, yet display great activity on the part of the management of the twin theatres.\* On Saturday, at Drury Lane, the *Jealous Wife*, as strongly cast as the United Co. could muster, was but indifferently played, to a wretchedly thin audience.

The chief novelties were, Mr. T. Green (returned after an absence of three years) in *Lord Trinket*,—a part too insignificant to admit of his talent shining forth in its best light; and Miss E. Phillips, a debutante, and sister of the excellent actress who appeared as *Mrs. Oakley*. The young lady performed *Harriet*, and looked and spoke as well as Harriet need to do. She was quite self-possessed; and the character requires no higher attributes than those we have mentioned. There was also a Mr. *Barnard*, whom we think we remember as an underling at the Adelphi, then called *Moses Barnett*, and who did *Capt. O'Cutter*, in a style of impudent vulgarity rarely equalled, and never surpassed in legitimate comedy. Macready's *Mr. Oakley* shone out powerfully; and if it suffered in scenes for want of support, gained, perhaps, as much as it lost, by the force of contrast. The entertainment was *Inkle and Yarico*. Downton a hot *Sir Christopher Curry*; and Mrs. Gibbs, almost old enough for the juvenile and lively *Patty*! Mrs. Fitzwilliam

\* We have to acknowledge several communications, personal and injurious to Mr. Bunn; but our correspondents are mistaken in supposing that, because we disapprove of the new theatrical system, we entertain any hostility to the lessee. Whatever we have seen of him, has been favourable to his energy and enterprise; and that is all either we or the public have to do with, unless he identifies himself with base and infamous tools. In that event, he will provoke a judgment which cannot fail to ruin him and the theatre under his control. We hope he will avoid the precipice.

was *Woski*; but as she had appeared as *Don Giovanni* the night before, we shall only say of these travesties, that they are severe upon the reputation of performers, clever in their own lines, and in parts suitable to their age, looks, and persons. Mrs. F. was infinitely more effective on a smaller stage.

Monday, *Venice Preserved* introduced Mrs. Sloman as *Belvidera*, and furnished another example of the folly of outrageous puffing. The public expectation had been so absurdly stimulated respecting this lady,—of whose earlier efforts a rather favourable memory remained,—that had she been gifted with thrice the talents she actually possesses, in all probability her *début* would have been a disappointment. Divested of this dead weight, it was decidedly unsuccessful; and Mrs. Sloman shewed that she never can walk in the highest paths of tragedy. Her want is the want which no art can supply,—the want of feeling; her best efforts—mechanical. Tolerable natural qualifications and stage practice may make a respectable actress; but there must be mind to make a great one. Again, as in the preceding comedy, Macready stood alone, as the representative of *Pierre*. The whole was fine; and two or three of the scenes, such as the denouncement of the conspirators, and the last, with *Jaffier*, of surpassing excellence. *Massaniello* was the after-piece, and Celeste the *Fenella*, which she performed with her wonted talent.

On Wednesday, *The Fatal Marriage* was performed to such an audience as it never fails to bring, viz. a very thin one; and Mrs. Sloman fully confirmed our opinion by the manner in which she acted *Isabella*. Macready's *Biron* was masterly; and all the rest "awful," except two or three comic touches.

On Thursday, *Cymbeline* at Drury Lane, and the *Dianna* at Covent Garden, were poorly patronised: Macready and E. Tree were the sole supports of the former; the latter was very fairly gone through by Miss Shireff, Mrs. C. Jones, Downton, Meadows, &c. But, altogether, the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable manner in which the great patent theatres have hitherto signalled their united strength, not only affords no hope of improvement to the lovers of the drama, but destroys the last faint expectations that could have been entertained of any good from so benumbing a monopoly. It looks, indeed, as if these things were done for the sake of the sure failure which must necessarily attend the indifferent representation of (several of them at the best) unattractive plays; in order to furnish an apology for trying a course more congenial to the habits of parties concerned, and inundating our stage with the licentiousness of the stews of Paris. To use the words put into the mouth of the manager in a squib of the day—

"Some ancient dramas do we own,  
So cut and hack'd about from time to time,  
By fashion and caprice—that few can see  
The hand of our immortal Shakespeare. One  
Of these do I produce—mark one, legitimate's  
The word—a play *Legitimate*—and this  
The scenes ill-managed, and the parts ill-read,  
Must so disgust capricious play-goers,  
They'll cry—No more *Legitimates* for us!  
But rather flock to view our scenery—  
To hear our music—feast upon the beauty  
Ourselves and friends have cater'd to their taste—  
Swear there's more soul in dancing than the bard,  
And then—the victory's ours!"

But we will predict that no victory ever will attend such trumpery; the public were sickened of it last year, though the leading allurements of France were profusely exhibited, and at an expense which no theatre could support.

\* Alfred the Little; or, *Management*! a play, &c. by a Star-gazer, pp. 16. London. E. Munn.

At Covent Garden, on Monday, *Romeo and Juliet* attracted but a poor house to witness Mr. King's *Romeo*; in which, however, he was better than in *Rolla*, though still undervalued beyond the rank of decent mediocrity. The tragedy went off very flatly; but some amends was made by the melo-drama of *Black-eyed Susan*, with T. P. Cooke, Blanchard, Meadows, and Miss Taylor. On Wednesday, "in consequence of its enthusiastic reception," Shakespeare's comedy (with music) of *Twelfth Night* was repeated. This enthusiasm of the play-bills must be understood to mean, that the thing was very indifferently acted, and went off most dully. *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* (Blanchard) was the only character well sustained in the male cast; Downton's *Malvolio*, and Russell's *Clown*, being both caricatures; and Bartley's *Sir Toby*, not very Shakesperian. The singing introduced by Misses Shireff, *Viola*, and Miss Inverarity, *Olivia*, was pleasing and out of place. It is enough to spoil the comedy, without making a good opera.

#### HAYMARKET.

A LIVELY and successful farce, called *Uncle John*, was produced here on Tuesday. Farren, whose face is a complete Portrait Annual, has the principal character; and one of the most original and entertaining which even he ever made seem like a familiar acquaintance, with this single exception, that few of one's familiar acquaintance are very amusing; while he always is. *Uncle John* is a sexagenarian, but one who laughs to scorn "the youth of these degenerate days." He rises with the lark, has a hill in his garden on purpose to run up it, and goes through a morning course of gymnastic exercises. No wonder that he thinks of adding a young wife to his other juvenile exploits. After all, language is not so very expressive as is generally supposed; for we really can find no words to describe the variety of countenance, the odd tones, all that constitutes the perfection of farce, in Farren's *Uncle John*. We do not want to be believed on our word; let our readers go and judge—that is, laugh for themselves. Mrs. Glover, as the plausible and subtle niece, resolved on breaking off the match, was herself; that is to say, inimitable. Mrs. Humby, as the raw girl just fresh from French, geography, and the use of the globes, was excellent; and Mr. Strickland as the friend, who is a sort of circulating medium for the expression of Uncle John's sentiments, was a capital bit of still life. As to Webster, we really could scarcely recognise him; so perfectly did he look the pale, meagre, and hen-pecked husband. We cannot but offer our cordial tribute of praise to this various and clever actor: the same evening he appeared in three most opposite parts, and was capital in all. The dialogue was very brilliant, full of neat turns and happy points; none of which were lost. We remember one quaint image in particular. Farren protests against any crying; justly observing, "That a man's wedding-day is a sort of St. Swithin; if it rains then, what is he to expect the rest of his life?" Mr. Buckstone is the author; and really the public ought to be very grateful to him for the large amount of laughing-gas which he has collected for their use. Miss Paton has been performing in *Love in a Village* and *Arcturians*; and the favourable reception which she met from crowded and applauding audiences fully justifies our previous favourable opinion. Her *Rosetta*, too, was acted in a very lively manner; and both herself and Mr. Anderson well deserved the unanimous encore they met with in "When thy bosom."

ONE of  
rows and  
home to  
with com  
from am  
which ap  
interest t  
lore for  
has first  
lover, an  
child: it  
the fath  
from tho  
alike on  
an origin  
exquisite  
The char  
who belie  
against  
tion, to t  
and the  
equal fee  
more nat  
station ar  
after her  
knocking  
ally effu  
him wai  
how true  
she finds  
the child  
parent, v  
bringing  
no one w  
scious ch  
than Mr.  
and the  
sion in a  
paths is  
any actu  
and, to  
merit, as  
lletted;  
character  
the other  
Yates as  
be more  
redeem  
by pass  
feeling,  
the self  
which le  
the conv  
the last  
at last,  
wife, w  
portion  
drollery  
amusing  
and Bu  
nigger.  
Holt, a  
for his  
one poi  
told we  
first se  
been b  
minal  
author"  
her he  
you ma  
against  
plied i  
The fe  
an exp  
appear  
to mur

## ADELPHI.

ONE of those affecting dramas whose sorrows and misfortunes, from daily life, come home to us, was produced on Tuesday last with complete success. The material is taken from a charming story by Mrs. S. C. Hall, which appeared in the *Amulet* of 1833. The interest turns on the struggle between *Grace's* love for *Huntley* and all other affections; she has first to choose between her father and her lover, and next between her husband and her child: it ends by her giving evidence against the father to save the young and innocent boy from those evil courses which bring destruction alike on body and soul. The character is itself an original and beautiful conception; and most exquisitely was it developed by Mrs. Yates. The change from the young and confiding girl, who believes not, who will not even hear aught against the object of early and trusting affection, to the despairing yet still affectionate wife, and the distracted mother, was given with equal feeling and truth. Could any thing be more natural or more charming than her hesitation as to whether she shall admit *Huntley* after her father's prohibition?—he continues knocking at the door—you see his idea gradually effacing every other, and she springs forward, exclaiming, "I love him, yet I keep him waiting!" And, in quite another style, how true, and even terrible was her agony when she finds her boy's bed vacant, and knows that the child is gone on some evil errand with the parent, who has already threatened her with bringing that child to the gallows! We know no one who has the poetry, which is the unconscious charm of ordinary life, more about her than Mrs. Yates. Her gaiety is the most naive and the most graceful that ever found expression in a light style and a sweet laugh; and her pathos is irresistible, for it is as true to nature as any actual tears that ever moved our sympathy; and, to conclude with a great though negative merit, she is never over-rouged nor over-ringed; and her dress is always suitable to the character—and very pretty indeed did she look the other night in her high cap and dark gown. Yates acted *Huntley* admirably; nothing could be more effective than the manner in which he redeemed the character from absolute disgust, by passing but still strong touches of better feeling, without weakening the portraiture of the selfishness, and the criminal indulgence which leads him on. To instance among many, the convulsive grasping of the child's hand in the last scene, held almost unconsciously; and at last, the manner in which he turns to his wife, were powerfully affecting. The graver portion of these scenes was relieved by the drollery of Reeves as a baker-boy, and most amusing he was; he sings, too, a capital song; and Buxton, as his rival, made a laughable nigger. The story has been dramatised by Mr. Holt, and with a success which promises well for his future efforts. He omitted, however, one point in the narrative which would have told well on the stage, where *Joseph Huntley* first sees his wife—he supposes that she has been brought before the magistrate on a criminal charge—but we will give it in the author's own words. "The moment he beheld her he started back, saying, 'Whatever charge you may have against me, you can have none against that woman.' 'Nor have we,' replied Sir Thomas; 'she is your accuser.' The features of *Joseph Huntley* relaxed into an expression of scorn and disbelief. 'She appear against me! not if I were to attempt to murder her,' he answered firmly." Yates,

we are convinced, would have given full expression to the change from confidence to conviction. Mr. O. Smith and Miss Novello well sustained their parts; and we have altogether witnessed few dramas more completely and more deservedly successful.

## VICTORIA.

On Saturday, in the *Provoked Husband*, Mr. Serle played *Lord Townley* with great merit, and Mrs. Oman Hill made her first appearance here from Edinburgh. She is a fine-looking woman, but not the first of actresses; and, in truth, it is not certain that she has mended much since she was (we think) a pretty slight girl and clever performer at the Queen's Theatre.—Vide Miss Oman, in the bills, *passim*.

Monday was another black one with tragedies *parlout*; so that the Victoria, not to be behind its brethren, the Patents and Haymarket, gave us *Richard the Third*; followed not only by the ghosts of all he had murdered, but by *Margaret's Ghost*, a romantic melodrama, to conclude the evening's amusements. The house was full, and the Apparition entirely successful; for it will be perceived that the multitude are much addicted, now-a-days, to the admiration of domestic horrors and familiar miseries. If they can't laugh, they love to cry. And of its genus we really think the Ghost's word worth a thousand pounds to the Victoria. Here is a human, English Don Giovanni horrible libertine, Mr. Forrester; who, after settling the love and life tenure of poor *Margaret*, returns to ruin another rustic beauty (*Catherine*, Miss Horton), but is baffled in his pursuit by *Margaret's* mother, Mrs. Egerton, *Catherine's* lover *Reuben*, Mr. Hunt, and other droll and serious personages enacted by Messrs. Rose, Chippendale, W. Vining, Selby, Addison, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. Keely, and, above all, by *Margaret's* Ghost, Miss P. Horton\*—an actress who rises not only in the Ghost, but on every opportunity where she has a chance of distinguishing her talents. All the parties we have named sustained their characters effectively; and the Ghost bids fair to be seen by crowds for many nights on the other side of the water. The music, by Mr. Wade, is not very striking; and, except a portion of the overture, and a song without accompaniments by Miss Horton, we cannot recollect its auricular impression.

On Tuesday and Wednesday Sheridan Knowles appeared in his own *Hunchback*, and was received with enthusiasm. He is also going to bring forward his *Own Wife*, as it were, in opposition to Bunn, who is running his *Neighbour's Wife* at the Garden.

*Strand Theatre*.—This theatre was shut on Tuesday, in consequence of the interference of the Lord Chamberlain; and we observe since, that the magistrates have refused it a license, though granted to the Garrick Theatre, the Stadium, and many other places of entertainment. We are not aware of the circumstances which have led to the throwing out of bread of so many clever and industrious individuals.

THE decline of the drama, however likely to be accelerated by the present state of things in London, is not peculiar to our country, and must therefore be considered as the result also of other causes. Lewis Goldsmith, for example (in his statistics of France,†—a volume so replete with information on every subject which can interest the general reader), notices, that within

the last thirty years there has been a great falling off in Paris. In the place of Talma, Saint Prix, Saint Phal, Lafond, Mesdames Raucourt, and Duchesnois, in tragedy; Molé, Fleury Michot, Dugayon, Dazincourt, and the younger Baptiste; Mesdames Mara, sisters Contat, Mezaray, and Bourgoing; Elleveion, Martin, Solié, Dossonville, Gavaudan, Mesdames Phillis, Saint-Aubin, and Rolland—many of them previously without rivals—no succession of rival talent has sprung up; and Potier, Brunet, Perlet, Vernet, Arnal, Bouffé, Laporte, Jenny Vertpré, Colon, Leontine Fay, Georges, and Anais (with Mars remaining), are almost the only mentionable supports of the pigmy drama of the modern school.

## VARIETIES.

*Vidocq's Paper*.—The famous French thief-catcher and author has, we are told, just taken out a patent for the manufacture of a paper from which writing or printing, when once impressed, can never be effaced. This is about the worst thing that could happen to most writers.

*Architecture*.—We observe from *Farley's Bristol Journal*, that Mr. Britton is delivering a course of eight lectures on this important national subject in that city,—and are glad to learn that they are attended in a manner which, while it is calculated to gratify the intelligent lecturer, must diffuse a taste for the science, where an opportunity at present exists of applying its best principles to the public improvement and benefit of the city. Thus may good spring out of evil; and Bristol rise, like a phoenix, from her ashes.

*Wordsworth*.—We are sincerely concerned to hear that Mr. Wordsworth's eyes, which have for some time troubled him, have lately become so bad, that he is compelled to remain in a dark room; and that fears are entertained lest blindness should be the result, and he should thus painfully find, like his great predecessor,

"Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

*Lithographic Stones*.—A quarry of stones, fit for this branch of art, has, it is said, been found near Verdun, in France.

*Effect of Lightning*.—We regret to learn that one of our most remarkable mechanical constructions, the chain pier at Brighton, was struck by the lightning during a storm on Tuesday evening, and several of the arches materially injured; the third so much, by the destruction of the rods, as to fall into the sea.

*Wonders in Natural History*.—A scientific fox went into an out-house near Northallerton, by a hole in the roof, and amused himself by killing sixteen geese therein; after which feat, he found that he could not reach the opening to make his exit without piling the dead bodies of his victims one upon another as a ladder—which he did, and escaped accordingly!—*York Herald*.

*The Schoolmaster Abroad*!—Mr. A. B. fancied he had cause to remonstrate with the schoolmaster, to whom he had intrusted the education of his son, a fine boy of six years of age, who came home at the Midsummer holidays with the slightest possible acquaintance with his a, b, c; but much improved in the use of his limbs, and perpetually racing about. The pedagogue heard the father's reproaches patiently, and thus defended his athlete tuition: "Sir, I did my best for the lad; instead of confining him to tasks, he has been allowed to range about as he pleased; for, sir, you ought to know, that he who runs may read."

\* As in *Helen* in the *Hunchback*, for instance.  
† 8vo. 1832. Hatchards. See *Lit. Gaz.* of last year.



*Travels, Cholera, &c.*—Since the beginning of this month we have had Dr. Tavernier, from Bucharest. In his youth he made some campaigns in Napoleon's guards; after the battle of Leipsig, he was carried, covered with wounds, into Russia; devoted himself, in the sequel, to the study of medicine, travelled into Abyssinia, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Tartary, and the immense countries of Asia, to the wall of China. On these travels he observed the plague and the cholera, as well as the various remedies employed in those different nations; and, by a mode of treatment discovered by himself, cured many plague and cholera patients, among whom were the Patriarch of Jerusalem and himself. In 1831 he published the fruits of his researches, at Bucharest, in the French and Slavonian languages. He considers the plague, cholera, and yellow fever, as endemic, and varieties, modified by climate, of one and the same fundamental disease, which he calls "the triple scourge of mankind." For the certain cure of these disorders, he recommends some pharmaceutical remedies, which he points out, and, above all, the use of ice.\* He intends to make his system more generally known, by publishing a new edition of his work at Prague, with interesting particulars of his life and travels, as well as the result of his experience in the treatment of other disorders, such as the grippé, and phlogia, which is so common in the East.—*Prague, Sept. 10.*

*Modern Egypt: the Currency.*—A number of statements have recently appeared in the newspapers relative to the Turkish and Egyptian currency, which we can set in a certain light, by giving the following extract from a letter we have just received. "The coins of Constantinople are prohibited, and those of five piastres have been seized at the Saraff's, and cut up. To understand this measure of the pasha, I may as well explain, that the new pieces of five piastres issued from the mint of Constantinople do not contain the smallest quantity of silver; and the parties who suffer are those who have made a trade of bringing the worthless coin into Egypt."

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new edition of the Calendar of the Seasons; forming a Perpetual Companion to every Almanack. Traits and Traditions of Portugal, by Miss Pardoe. A new Novel, entitled Cecil Hyde. A new historical Novel, entitled Barnadiston, a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. The Language of Flowers, with illustrative plates. Roman Coins: from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the empire under Constantine Paleologus, with Observations on some of the most remarkable, &c., by J. Y. Akerman. A Grammar of Astrology, written by Zadkiel the Seer. Saint Monday, a poem, by the Author of the "Mechanic Saturday Night." The Second Volume of the Works of the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literary Souvenir, for 1834, 12s. morocco; Ditto, large paper, with India proofs, 24s.; Illustrations of ditto, imperial 4to. 30s.; Ditto, colombar 4to. proofs before letters, 3s. 3s.—Heath's Pictorial Annual, for 1834, 21s. morocco; Ditto, large paper, with India proofs, 2s. 10s.—A Table of the Reciprocal Distances of the Principal Towns in Great Britain and Ireland, on a large sheet, 1s. 6d. sewed.—Livii Historiarum Libri Quinque Prioris,

\* *Apologie:* we may as well here acknowledge a letter signed "Le Brandenburg," in which the writer assures us, that the origin of cholera is attributable to the driving of 4000 geographical square miles of polar ice (as if sent down not only to cause, but, according to Dr. Tavernier, to cure, the disease) within the last 300 years towards the eastward of Greenland, and in 1815 and 1825 still more towards the tropics. We are, however, happy to be told, on the same authority, that after a few years, when the injurious atmospheric effects produced by these icy migrations shall have passed, the grape-vine may again be cultivated in England for wines, and Greenland will be a fertile country.

ad Adam J. Dymock editionem expressit, curavit G. M. Gunn, 12mo. 4s. 6d. shp.—Dr. Watts's First Set of Catechisms for Little Children, 3d. sewed.—Cruikwell's Housekeeper's Account-Book, for 1834, 2s. sewed.—The Art of Police Correspondence, English and German, by P. Sadler, 18mo. 6s. cloth.—Costumes et Mœurs des Italiens, d'après Pinelli, en 50 feuilles, 18mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Landscape Album for 1834, 8vo. 15s. mor.—Stuart's Commentary on the Hebrews, edited by Dr. Henderson, 8vo. 14s. cloth.—Travels and Researches in Caffraria, by S. Kay, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Hansard's Debates, three sessions, Vol. XVIII. 4th of Session 1833, 8vo. 30s. bds.; 11. 13s. 6d. hf-mor.—The Naturalist's Poetical Companion, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The Young Disciple, by Mary Paget, fcap. 3s. cloth.—Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, &c., by Lieut. Breton, with plates, 4vo. 15s. bds.—The Amulet, for 1834, 12s. mor.; Illustrations of ditto, 30s.; Ditto, before letters, 2s. 10s.—Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1834, 8s. mor.—Squire's Exercises for Greek Verse, 2d edition, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth; Key to ditto, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—A History and Description of Modern Wines, by Cyrus Redding, 8vo. 10s. cloth.—Tales and Romances, by the Author of "Waverley," containing "St. Roman's Well" to "Woodstock," new edition, 7 vols. 8vo. 4s. 4s. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 10	From 35. to 55.	30.16 to 30.13
Friday... 11	... 33. to 58.	30.09 to 30.03
Saturday... 12	... 32. to 50.	29.98 to 29.96
Sunday... 13	... 30. to 51.	30.01 to 30.07
Monday... 14	... 30. to 50.	29.97 to 29.90
Tuesday... 15	... 33. to 55.	29.97 to 29.94
Wednesday 16	... 39. to 55.	29.16 to 29.31

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 10th and 11th, generally cloudy; with frequent, and at times heavy rain.

Rain fallen, 95 of an inch.

*Meteor. Borealis.*—From half-past six on the evening of the 12th, till after midnight, the northern hemisphere was remarkably illumined to the height of 40°. About a quarter to seven, a large coronation arose in a direction from N.E. to S.W., to within about 20° of the zenith; it then became detached from the horizon, and moved across the heavens much like a cloud strongly illumined by the setting sun, till seven; by which time about 60° of its length had disappeared in the S.W. horizon. From this period it increased greatly in breadth and brilliancy, and at half-past seven moved towards the place from whence it rose, till its length exceeded 90°, and so continued till nearly eight, gradually becoming fainter, till about half-past eight it disappeared. Several smaller ones were seen during the interval, moving from the north towards the zenith.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude..... 0 31 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. September 1833.

Thermometer—Highest.....	67° 75°	—7th.
Lowest.....	31	—1st.
Mean.....	50.2625	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.20	—5th.
Lowest.....	29.91	—24th.
Mean.....	29.658	

Number of days of rain, 14.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 1.89375.

Winds.—0 East—4 West—2 North—6 South—6 North-east—5 South-east—3 South-west—4 North-west.

*General Observations.*—The quantity of rain, though much greater than last year, was considerably less than has fallen in September during the last ten years. The barometer was also lower than last year in the same month, and the range less. The weather was likewise colder, the mean temperature being below the means of the last two years in the corresponding month; and once the thermometer fell to one degree below the freezing point, which was the first time this has occurred, at Wycombe, in September, during the last eleven years. Some few days were very brilliant.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Heath's Pictorial Annual has reached us too late to say more than that, on a hasty glance, it seems to be admirable in art, and very interesting in literature. We shall return to it in our next No.; the present being already so be-announced, that though we have treated the candidates with greater brevity than usual, and may therefore have occasion to notice them again, we have been obliged to postpone the Continuation of our "Tour," and other articles intended for publication.

We thank Honestus, and will keep his letter by us, to use should there be occasion. Inasmuch as we despise the abuse of the worthless, so do we value the approbation of the discerning and the good.

A note is left for Mr. Jordan at our Office.

A Lawyer, a β β, might have saved his letter, as he has not to get 3s. 4d. for it; and his opinion is not worth a sou.

ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 650, col. 3, line 52; for "Crowe" read "Croms."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.  
The Winter Exhibition of the Works of deceased and living Artists of the British School, is now open to the public, from Ten till Dark.  
Bonn's Elizabethan Enamels are in the Collection.  
J. B. DAVIS, Secretary.  
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

#### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Faculty of

Arts. The Classes will meet after the Vacation, on Friday, the 1st of November, when the Rev. Dr. Ritchie will commence the Business of the Session, by a Lecture introductory to his Course.

Latin.—Professor Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.  
Greek.—Professor Henry Maiden, A.M.  
English and Rhetoric.—Professor A. Blair, LL.D.  
French.—P. F. Menet, Esq.  
Italian Literature and Language.—Professor Ant. Panizi, LL.D.  
Hebrew.—Professor H. Harwitz, Esq.  
Mathematics.—Professor G. F. W. White, A.M.  
Philosophy of Mind and Logic.—Professor Rev. J. Hoppa, A.M.  
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.—Professor Rev. William Ritchie.  
Civil Engineering.—Professor Rev. William Ritchie.  
Chemistry.—Professor Edward Turner, M.D.  
Zoology.—Professor R. E. Grant, M.D.  
Botany.—Professor John Lindley, LL.D.  
(To commence 1st of April.)

Geology.—Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley (to commence middle of May).

Political Economy.—Professor J. B. McCulloch, Esq. (to commence 1st February).

The Junior school met on the 1st of October.

The Librarian has the pleasure to inform the Office of the University, and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookseller, 30, Upper Gower Street, THOMAS COATES, Secretary, Council Room, 1st Oct. 1833.

#### NEW PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION

LIBRARY.

29, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

The Year..... £ s. d.  
Half-Year..... 5 5 0 Allowed Twelve Vols. in  
Quarter..... 1 10 0 Town, and Twenty-four  
in the Country.

The extra supplies at this extensive Library, ensure to Subscribers the immediate possession of the new Publications, British and Foreign, which are sent in any quantity, to all Parts of the United Kingdom.  
Catalogues, &c. on application as above, to Bull and Churton, Librarians.

#### TO BOOKSELLERS' AND STATIONERS'

CLERKS.—Wanted, to go to Ireland, a Clerk, who perfectly understands the Bookselling and general Stationary business, and who can be immediately engaged. A Person who has been employed in the Retail Business will be preferred. The most satisfactory testimonials as to character and ability will be required.  
Letters (post-paid) to be addressed to A. S. at Messrs. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

#### THE PERUSAL OF NEW PUBLICA-

TIONS.

The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed, that the Perusal of all new Books may be obtained, in Town or Country, immediately on publication, by a moderate Yearly, Half-Yearly or Quarterly Subscription to the British and Foreign Public Library, Conduit Street, Hanover Square. The Proprietors having made very considerable Additions to their Foreign Library within the last few years, also respectfully direct the attention of the Public to their Catalogue of Foreign Works recently published, which will be found to contain the best Books in the French, Italian, and German Languages; the whole being reserved solely for the Use of Subscribers.

Applications for Terms and Catalogues (post paid), to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Public Library, Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

#### MUSIC.

In 3 Parts, price 8s. each, or in one volume, half-bound morocco, 11. 10s.

#### DEVOTIONAL HARMONY:

consisting of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, by Handel, Luther, Ravenscroft, Croft, Boyce, Clark, Howard, &c. adapted to Words from various Authors; arranged for Four Voices, with the Organ Part in full.—Part I. containing Ten Short Metres, Forty-nine Common, and Forty Long Metres.—Part II. containing One Hundred Pages of Double and Peculiar Metres.—Part III. contains Chants and Preludes, chiefly from Knecht, Haessler, Stanley, and Keeble.

Price 1s. 6d.  
Carmen Natale. The Words by the Rev. Legh Richmond. The Music composed by Henry John Gauntlett.

Musical.  
Published by L. B. Seeley and Sons, 129, Fleet Street, London. In 1 vol. imperial 4to. price 11. 15s. boards; or 21. half-bound morocco.

#### LYRA SACRA; or, Select Extracts from

the Cathedral Music of the Church of England, adapted for One, Two, Three, or Four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ and Piano-Forte.  
By the Rev. JOSEPH JOWETT, M.A.  
Rector of St. Wilfrid's.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE.**  
The first Newspaper devoted to the Army and Navy. Every Saturday in time for post, price 6d. per copy. The Proprietor of the rival Naval and Military Journal, commenced with the avowed object of driving the United Service Gazette from the field (and imitating it closely in plan, title, form, size of type, &c.) having announced that as his speculation has been attended with a great pecuniary loss, and has only been "upheld by private and individual sacrifices," he must for the future almost double its price;—it becomes necessary for the conductors of the United Service Gazette to state, that the price of their Journal will remain the same as heretofore. They desire also to add, that a considerable accession of talent has been obtained for the Naval and Military departments of their Journal; and that arrangements are in progress which will enable it to include the news of Saturday, up to almost as late an hour as those Journals which are post-dated Sunday.  
"We cannot close our remarks without offering the warmest recommendation we can give to the United Service Gazette; which, conducted as it has been, and as it promises that it will be, is a gift of inestimable value to the Army and Navy; furnishing to them and to all the information which it can be important or interesting to them to possess;—furnishing them with the shield of a protecting Press against the wrongs to which men properly without a political character are naturally exposed. The United Service Gazette ever inculcates those principles of honour and sound discipline that have hitherto rendered the United Service Gazette, as an efficient instrument of government. We can imagine nothing more desirable for the Army and Navy than that the United Service Gazette might find its way to every mess about and ashore."—*Standard*, Oct. 5, 1867.  
Office of the United Service Gazette,  
161, Fleet Street, Oct. 15.

**DISSERTATIONS vindicating the CHURCH OF ENGLAND** with regard to some essential Points of Policy and Doctrine.  
By the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, A.M.  
Of Pembroke College, Oxford; Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh.  
Printed for J. G. P. Galt, 15, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and sold by Bell and Bradbury, Edinburgh.

**RACCOLTA DI FAVOLE, scelte fra quelle di PIGNOTTI, &c. &c.**  
London: Dulux and Co. Soho Square: F. Rolandi, Berner's Square; Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street.

**The English, Scotch, and Irish Nobility.**  
Designed by permission to the King.  
New ready, the Fourth Edition, in 2 vols. (comprising all the New Creations), beautifully printed, and illustrated with upwards of 1500 Engravings; among which is a fine Likeness of His Majesty, after Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated drawing. Price 8s. 10s. bound in morocco cloth.

**MR. BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARON.**  
ETAGE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

This new edition comprises three times the number of Families that have ever before been presented to the public in any one publication of a similar description. It embraces every family in England, Ireland, and Scotland, invested with hereditary honours, and every individual in the remotest degree allied to those families; so that its collateral information is now considerably more copious than that of any similar work hitherto published.  
"This popular work justly deserves to be considered as a History of the British Nobility. It is enriched by a variety of personal anecdotes, never before published, relative to many illustrious persons, in addition to numerous authentic details connected with their lineage, and communicated to the author by the noble inheritors of the titles. The volumes, containing nearly 1400 pages of letter-press, are, moreover, illustrated with upwards of 1500 heraldic plates, and are printed in double columns with so remarkably clear and beautiful a type, as to comprise a quantity of matter equal to no less than twelve octavo volumes."—*John Bull*.

Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.  
Agents for Scotland, Bell and Bradbury; and for Ireland, John Cumming.

Published by L. B. Seeley and Sons, 109, Fleet Street.  
Price 1s. 6d. stiff covers, or 9s. half-bound.  
**THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER;**  
for Schools and Families; designed to teach children to think and to reason about common things, and to illustrate to parents and teachers methods of instructing and interesting children; with a copious Introduction, explaining fully the method of using the *Little Philosopher*.

By the Rev. JACOB ARBOTT,  
Author of "The Young Christian."  
Fourth Edition, price 5s. 6d.  
**The Young Christian; with a Preface by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, M.A. Vicar of Harrow.**

Just published, price 6s. 6d.  
**OBSERVATIONS ON OBSTETRIC AUSCULTATION,** with an Analysis of the Evidence of Pregnancy, and an Inquiry into the Proofs of the Life and Death of the Fetus in Utero.  
By EVORY KENNEDY, M.D.  
Licentiate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. Lecturer on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children at the Richmond Hospital School, and late Assistant to the Dublin Lying-in Hospital.  
With an Appendix, containing Legal Notes, &c. &c.  
Barrister-at-Law.  
Dublin: Printed for Hodges and Smith, 21, College Green; Longman, Green, and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall, London; Macmillan and Stewart, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, Glasgow.

**FALKLAND; or, a Tale.**  
By the Author of "Pelham," & "Eugene Aram," &c.  
"Is this her fault or mine?"  
The tempest or the tempest, who sins most?—*Shakespeare*.  
The difficult and delicate subject which forms the groundwork of the novel of Falkland, has been unhesitatingly taken by French, German, and Italian authors, but has not, till now, been approached by any English writer. It was reserved for Mr. Bulwer to complete the series of these novels of love, and to throw beauty and enchantment over the errors of woman; and Falkland will be found to consummate the idea which the authors of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, *Werter*, and *Jacopo Ortis*, had only begun.  
*Globe*.  
Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

**Actual State of India.**  
2d edition, with considerable Additions, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.  
**LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR THOMAS MUNRO, Bart. K.C.B.** late Governor of Madras.  
By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG.

"The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Munro may be said to comprehend an accurate history of India, during the last forty-five years. His minutes and papers upon the opening of the trade, the system of internal government, and other questions relative to the general history of British India, will be found at this moment with the deepest interest."—*Morning Journal*.  
Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

Of whom may be had,  
**The Third Volume, to complete the First** edition, comprising a mass of important Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington whilst in India, &c.

In 1 large vol. 8vo. improved edition, with upwards of 1100 Engravings on Wood, 2l. 10s. boards.  
**ENCYCLOPEDIA of AGRICULTURE;** comprising the Theory and Practice of the Management of Landed Property, and of the Cultivation and Economy of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture; a General History of Agriculture, &c. &c.  
By J. C. LINDLEY, F.L.S. H.G. and Z.S.  
London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

By the same Author,  
**Encyclopedia of Gardening,** comprising its Theory and Practice, &c. &c. 1 large vol. 8vo. with upwards of 700 Engravings on Wood, 2l.

**Encyclopedia of Plants,** comprising every desirable particular respecting all the Plants indigenous to our Islands, and to the British Colonies, &c. &c. 1 large vol. with nearly 10,000 Engravings on Wood, 2l. 14s. 6d.

**Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture,** with upwards of 2000 Engravings on Wood, and nearly 100 Plates. In 12 Parts, 5s. each; or 1 vol. 3l.

**Hortus Britannicus; a Catalogue of the Plants indigenous to or introduced into Britain,** &c. 2s. 6d.

**Gardener's Magazine, with Cuts.** Nos. 1. to XLVII. Continued every Two Months, at 5s. 6d.

**Magazine of Natural History, with Cuts,** Nos. 1. to XXXV. Continued every Two Months, at 5s. 6d.

In 18mo. Turkey morocco cloth boards, gold lettered, price 3s. 6d.

**JOURNAL of a SEVENTEEN DAYS' TOUR** through BELGIUM to PARIS, via Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, &c.; returning by Bouen, Dieppe, and Brighton, in June 1832. To which is annexed, a List of Expenses and Rates of Exchange.

London: Simpkin and Marshall; J. Heaton, Leeds; Everett, Manchester; Hudson, Birmingham; and all Booksellers.

New ready, handsomely printed in 2 vols. 4to. Illustrated with upwards of 400 Portraits of the most distinguished Characters in Ireland, curious Letters and Documents in Fac-simile, &c. &c.

**MEMOIRS OF IRELAND** and the UNION, with Delinations of the Principal Characters connected with that important Measure.

By Sir JONAH BARRINGTON,  
Member of the late Irish Parliament for the Cities of Tuam and Clifburgh.

"The author hopes by this history to open wide the eyes of Great Britain to the present dangers of Ireland; to draw aside the curtain of ignorance and prejudice by which her history has been so long obscured; to compare her once rising prosperity with her existing miseries; to discover the occult causes of the continuance, and the false principles of her misrule; to display her sacrifices for England, and to unmask her libellers in both countries."

"In many of the events he was himself a not unimportant actor. He possessed also the advantage of individual intimacy or acquaintance with the most celebrated personages of all parties, without which it would have been impossible to have obtained the pen, the delineation of their characters, and the record of their conduct, if not lost for ever, and thereby leaving a wide chasm in a highly interesting episode of British history, would have descended to posterity with imperfect details, and an ambiguous authenticity."—*Author's Preface*.  
Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

**Pocket Dictionary of English Synonyms.**  
A New Edition, with an Index of every Word, price 3s. in cloth.  
**THE WRITER'S and STUDENT'S ASSISTANT, or a COMPENDIOUS DICTIONARY of ENGLISH SYNONYMS.** containing the more common Words and Phrases into the more elegant or scholastic, and presenting select for objectionable words; a choice of the most appropriate, from an assorted variety; and the opportunity of consulting occasional concise notes, pointing out the distinction between such of the Words as are frequently, in error, used synonymously.  
"This little work is calculated at once to accelerate literary composition, and to assist in establishing a correct and elegant style, both in speaking and writing."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.  
"It will be found useful to the finished scholar and orator, as well as the tyro of letters."—*Sunday Times*.  
Whitaker and Co. 47, Mark Lane.

Depth for American Publications, 19, Red Lion Square.

Just received,  
**THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY.**

Conducted by EDWARD ROBINSON,  
MOSES STUART, &c.  
Published Quarterly at Andover, No. 1 to 11, price 6s. each.  
**Buttmann's Larger Greek Grammar,** translated, with additions, by Edward Robinson. 8vo. price 16s.  
**Winer's Greek Grammar of the New Testament,** translated by Moses Stuart and Edward Robinson. 8vo. 9s.

**A Grammar of the Hebrew Language,** by Moses Stuart. 4th Andover edition, corrected and enlarged, 8vo. 14s.

**A Hebrew Chrestomathy;** designed as an Introduction to a Course of Hebrew Study, by Moses Stuart. 2d edition, with additions and corrections. 8vo. 14s.

**Jahn's Biblical Archaeology;** translated from the Latin, with additions and corrections, by Thomas Upham. 8d edition, large 8vo. 10s.

**Ernesti's Elements of Interpretation, with Notes,** &c. by Moses Stuart. 12mo. 4s.

For the Clergy, Families, &c.  
In 1 thick vol. 8vo. fifth edition, revised and enlarged, price 15s.

**MODERN DOMESTIC MEDICINE;** a Popular Treatise, exhibiting the Symptoms, Causes, and most efficacious Treatment of all Diseases, embracing all the modern Improvements in Medicine. With a copious Collection of approved Prescriptions, Medical Management of Children, Rules of Diet, Virtues and Doses of all Medicines, &c. The whole forming a clear and comprehensive Medical Guide for the use of the Clergy, Families, and Invalids.

By T. J. GRAHAM, M.D. &c.

"We conscientiously recommend it. It is very far above the celebrated *Buchan's*; and we shall preserve it as the advice of an invaluable friend, to which we can refer in the hour of need, without any doubt of being benefited by its wisdom."—*Literary Gazette*.

"In the opinion of a respectable physician, well known in our connexion, it is enriched with much of all that modern practice has ascertained to be valuable, and is incomparably superior to every similar work in our language."—*Weston Magazine*.

"It is altogether deserving of permanent popularity."—*London Weekly Review*.

"It is one of the very best and most useful books published in modern times."—*Monthly Olio*.

"The public demand for this work is a proof that its value is duly appreciated. Every disease that flesh is heir to, with its remedies, are so minutely described, that mistake is scarcely possible."—*Bristol Journal*, March 10.

"We are enabled to bear testimony to the great usefulness of this volume. Here will be found the best and most manageable remedies for the relief of pain and irritation, and the most approved treatment of diseases."—*Exeter Post*, March 23.

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, and Hatchard and Son, London; sold by all Booksellers.

Also, by the same Author, third edition, price 9s.

**2. Sure Methods of Improving Health and Prolonging Life,** by regulating the Diet and Regimen. Embracing all the most approved principles of Health and Longevity, with Maxims for the Bilious and Nervous, the Consumptive, &c. Illustrated by Cases.

"It is the most useful and rational work of the kind, and is altogether an admirable code of health."—*Atlas*.

"We warmly recommend it."—*New Literary Gazette*.

"That men of all habits will derive information from it, calculated to increase their comfort and extend their days, is firmly our conviction."—*Edinburgh Observer*, Jan. 1828.

11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall East, Oct. 10.  
NEW AND POPULAR WORKS,  
Just published by Colburn and McCrone.

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of JOHN GALT, Esq. F.R.S. &c.**

Author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. &c.  
"I will be a round, unvarnished tale deliver."

In 2 vols. 8vo. 84s. with beautiful original Portraits.

"A work of commanding interest; its every page is an illustration of the remark,—that the romance of real life exceeds the romance of fiction. This is decidedly the happiest effort Mr. Galt has made."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

II.  
**New Eastern Historical Novel.**

In 3 vols. post 8vo. 7s.

**Aurungebe; or, a Tale of Alraschid.**

"A picturesque and spirited story. Alraschid is just the hero for a romance."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The tale is ingeniously constructed; the scenes well and vigorously painted."—*Albion*.

III.  
**The Life and Poetical Works of Drummond of Hawthornden.** By Peter Cunningham. In 1 vol. small 8vo. price 9s.

"A delightful volume, full of the sweet gems of song."—*Literary Gazette*.

Second edition.

**NOTRE DAME DE PARIS for 6s.**

"In consequence of the great demand for this celebrated work by VICTOR HUGO, translated expressly for the 'Standard Novels,' by FREDERIC SHOEBEL, the Publisher begs to state that a new and revised edition is now ready for delivery."

"This work must rank with the best romances by the Author of *Waverley*."—*Examiner*.

"A work of genius: for power it possesses few equals."—*Spectator*.

"No one can deny the talent displayed in *Notre Dame*."—*Literary Gazette*.

Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, London.  
Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradbury; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming, Dublin. Orders are also received by all respectable Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

**FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING** for 1834.  
The Embellishments of this highly popular Annual consist of the most exquisite Specimens of Engraving; and its Literature, as usual, comprises Contributions from the most distinguished Authors.  
*India Fruits of the Illustrations, before the Writing, 91s. 6d.; India, with the Lettering, 91s.; Plain Proofs, 15s.*  
Also, just published, price 12s. elegantly bound,  
**The Comic Offering;**

Or, Ladies' Mixture of Literary Mirth, for 1834.  
Edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan, and embellished with upwards of Sixty original and most humorous Designs, by various Comic Artists; with a variety of Facetious Contributions, by the principal Female and other eminent Writers of the day.  
Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

**GERMAN ANNUALS** for 1834.  
Just imported by Treuttel and Co. 80, Soho Square.  
*Cornelia, 12s.—Urania, 10s.*  
*Vielliebchen, 12s.*  
*Deutscher Musenalmanach, 7s. 6d.*  
*Vesta, 18s.—Gedenke Mein! 12s.*  
*Lies Mich! 7s.—Penelope, 8s. 6d.*  
*Rheinisches Taschenbuch, 10s.*  
*Taschenbuch der Liebe und Freundschaft, 10s. 6d.*  
*Vergissmeinnicht, 12s. 6d.*  
*Raumer's Historisches Taschenbuch, 10s.*

In 18mo. price 4s. 6d. bound, a new edition of  
**THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY; or, Pictures of Virtue and Vice, drawn from real Life; designed for the Instruction and Entertainment of Youth.**

By L. M. STRETCH, M.A.  
Victor of Teyford and Quaker, Harpsham.  
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington; Longman and Co.; T. Cadell; Whittaker and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; and B. Fellows.

9 vols. 12mo. price 18s. sewed,  
**OPERE SCELTE dell' Abate PIETRO METASTASIO.**  
By DOMENICO ZOTTI.  
Quarta Edizione, rivista da GIULIO SORELLI.  
London: Dulau and Co. Soho Square; Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane; J. Souter, St. Paul's Churchyard; and J. Booker, New Bond Street.

Elegant Christmas Present.  
Published by Ackermann and Co. 38, Strand.  
Beautifully bound in silk, with Illustrations by the first Artists, price 12s.

**FORGET ME NOT** for 1834,  
containing Engravings by Rolis, Davenport, Carter, Goodall, Godey, Bacon, Engleheart, and Mitchell, from Paintings and Drawings by Westall, Richter, Front, Hart, Davis, Stone, Kidd, Cawse, Franklin, and Wood; and Literary Compositions by Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham, T. K. Hervey, the Old Sailor, H. D. Inglis, Mrs. C. Gore, Miss Milford, Miss Lawrence, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Howitt, &c. &c.

Juvenile Forget Me Not, a Christmas, New-Year's, and Birthday Present, for 1834. Embellished with beautiful Engravings and a Vignette, after designs by eminent Artists, price 6s.; *Proofs of the Fable, before letters, in a neat portfolio, 8s.; ditto, with letters, ditto, 14s.*

Ackermann and Co.'s **Fantascopia, or Optical Delusions, a Series of Cards, which when revolved before a looking-glass, reflect Figures, Animals, and other objects, in full motion, with perfect truth to Nature, the original invention of Professor Plateau, of Brussels, which was exhibited with much interest at the late British Association held in Cambridge.** Price 14s. in a folio.

A Second Series, by T. T. Bury, price 12s. in a folio.  
Third Series, by T. M. Baynes, price 10s. in a folio.  
A Looking-Glass and Box may be had separate, price 3s.

12mo. price 5s. bound,  
**A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE;** wherein the rules are systematically laid down and the principal difficulties explained, according to the decision of the French Academy.  
By M. DE LEVIZAC.  
Twentieth edition, with numerous corrections, additions, and improvements.  
By J. H. STEVENS.

London: Dulau and Co. 37, Soho Square; Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane; Longman and Co. Paternoster Row; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row; J. Cumming, Dublin; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

Second edition, considerably improved and enlarged, and embellished with Twenty-three Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s. bound,  
**FIELD SPORTS OF THE NORTH.**  
By L. LLOYD, Esq.  
"One of the most valuable productions ever given to the sporting world. It is full of individual adventure, often of the most romantic and perilous kind."—*Courier*.  
Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

For the Use of Schools, 12mo. 2s. bound,  
**THE PRINCIPAL ROOTS OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.**  
By JAMES LIMBREY.  
This little work contains the Roots of nearly 25,000 Words most frequently occurring in Latin Authors.  
George Spies, 15, Paternoster Row.

Just received,  
**THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW,** No. 27, for September.  
A few Copies of Nos. 1. to XXIV. may be had at half-price.  
Also, price 8s. 12s.  
**Bonaparte's American Ornithology, Vol. IV.**  
which completes the Work.  
O. Rich, 13, Red Lion Square.

New Burlington Street.  
Mr. Bentley has just published the following  
**NEW WORKS OF FICTION BY POPULAR WRITERS.**  
In 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**THE HEADSMAN.**  
By the Author of the "Spy," &c.

II.  
**The Heiress. 3 vols.**  
III.  
**Grace Cassidy; or, the Repealers.**  
By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.  
IV.  
**Godolphin; or, the Oath.**  
V.  
**Constance; or, Life as it is.**  
By Mrs. A. T. Thomson. 3 vols.  
VI.  
**Third edition, revised and corrected, 3 vols.**  
**Zohrab the Hostage.**  
By the Author of "Haji Baba."  
VII.  
**New edition, revised and corrected, in 3 vols.**  
**The Chaperon.**  
Edited by Lady Dacre.  
VIII.  
**Eben Erskine; or, the Traveller.**  
By the Author of "Lawrie Todd." 3 vols.  
Also, just ready, in 8 vols.  
**Trevelyan.**  
By the Author of a "Marriage in High Life."

**A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF SMALL-POX;** with an Account of a Mode of Local Treatment, which prevents the seaming or scarring of the Skin, and the occurrence of that aggravation of symptoms in the advanced stages of the disease, hitherto denominated Secondary Fever.  
By H. GEORGE, Esq.  
Surgeon Extraordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.  
"The historical part of the volume is very well written; and altogether we can recommend the performance as highly creditable to the author, and we have no doubt that it will be found as useful as it is interesting."—*London Medical Gazette*.

In 12mo. price 6s. 6d. boards,  
**EXPLANATORY LECTURES on the GOSPEL according to ST. MATTHEW.**  
By the Rev. JOHN PENROSE.  
Formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.  
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

**THE WORKS OF THE Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE.**  
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.  
A few Copies may be had on royal paper, price 8s. 12s. boards; also, several of the latter Volumes, in demy and royal 8vo. and 4to, to complete Sets.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON.**  
"Mr. Trevelyan, to whom the new and extraordinary novel of the 'Adventures of a Younger Son' is confidently attributed, is the gentleman who a few years ago took so active a part in the Greek cause, and who married the daughter of the chieftain O'Connell. It will be recollected that when Mr. Trevelyan trekked himself against besiegers in the cave of Mount Parnassus, an attempt was made on his life by some of his pretended adherents, who had been bribed to this act of treachery. The book which this celebrated person has now written and published, is supposed to record the early events of his life, clothed, though not much disguised, in the garb of fiction."—*Globe*.  
Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, 5, New Burlington Street.

**BOOKS IN THE PRESS.**  
**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,**  
No. CXVII. will be published next week.  
Contents: 1. National Education in England and France—2. Overton's Poetical Portraiture of the Church—3. Present State of Manufactures, Trade, and Shipping—4. Life of Mr. Roscoe, by his Son—5. Lady Morgan's Dramatic Sketches from Real Life; Illustrations of the State of Ireland—6. Financial Measures of the Government—7. Urquhart and Slade on Turkey; State and Relations of that Empire—8. Baron d'Hausser's View of Great Britain—9. Sir John Herschel's Astronomy—10. First Session of the Reformed Parliament—11. Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann.  
London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.

New Novel, by the Author of *Miserrimus*.  
Shortly will be published, in 3 vols.  
**THE COQUETTE; or, A NOVEL.**  
By the Author of "Miserrimus."  
Printed for Thomas Hookham, Old Bond Street.

In a few days, in 1 small vol. 8vo.  
**THE POEMS OF JOHN GALT,**  
now first collected.  
Cochrane and M'Crone, 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

In November will appear, splendidly illustrated,  
**THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE: a Tale.**  
By the Author of "The Echo," "The Echoes of the Past," &c.  
This unique and costly Work has been in preparation for more than three years; the Engraving with which it will be profusely illustrated are from paintings executed expressly for the Work, and are by Artists of the first talent. The Proprietors venture to hope that, though not an Annual, it will combine the richest and most novel attractions of the best of the Annuals, and that it will be exempt from the only general ground of complaint against them, namely, the fugitive interest they possess in comparison with their merit, and the subordinate character of their literary matter.

In one vol. 8vo. price 15s. bound,  
**Mr. Lodge's**  
This admirably planned and useful Work is compiled and edited by the *Norrey King of* from the Personal Communications of the Nobility; and Editions are published in each year, one in April and the other in October, affording those who may prefer either period for obtaining it, the certainty of having it correct to that date. All changes and corrections are immediately registered and incorporated with the Work in alphabetical order, for which purpose the type is kept constantly standing, and the necessity of correcting "Addenda," with their perplexing and multiplied references, is thereby obviated. The Collateral Branches are described and traced even to their remotest connections; and thus the Work comprises many data and additional names which are only to be found in its pages, although published in a cheap and portable volume.  
Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

In a few days, in 2 vols. demy 8vo.  
**ENGLAND AND AMERICA:**  
A Comparison of the Social and Political State of the two Nations.  
Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.  
Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming, Dublin.

**THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,**  
No. XCIX. will be published on Wednesday.  
Contents.  
I. Baron d'Hausser on Great Britain in 1833.  
II. The Bridgewater Treatises.  
III. Madden on the Indolence of Genius.  
IV. The Duchesse de Berry and La Vendée.  
V. Life and Posthumous Works of Archdeacon Coxe.  
VI. Surveys of Africa and Madagascar.  
VII. Bergami et la Reine d'Angleterre, en Cinq Actes.  
VIII. Grimm on the Indo-European Languages.  
IX. Cunningham's Lives of the Painters.  
X. The Reform Ministry and Reformed Parliament.  
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

**Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.**  
In monthly volumes, small 8vo. 6s. in cloth.  
On Nov. 1, forming Vol. 48 of the above, Vol. II. of  
**NAVAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.**  
By ROBERT SOUTHLEY, LL.D.  
Europe during the Middle Ages, Vol. II.  
Published Oct. 1.  
Arts, Manufactures, Manners, and Institutions of the Greeks and Romans. (2 vols.) Vol. I.  
London: Longman and Co.; and John Taylor.

October 14th will be published,  
**FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK** for 1834; containing Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, With Poems, &c.  
By L. E. L.  
Demy 4to. tastefully bound, 91s.  
The "Fallen Temple and Lonely Tomb" of India, combined with English Landscapes, Portraits of distinguished Individuals, which may possess a general or peculiar interest, and some few fanciful subjects, give the charm of variety to the pictorial delineations of this Volume.  
London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

On the 1st of November will be published, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, price 6s. Volume I. of  
**LANDSEER'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.**  
Each Volume will contain Seven beautiful Illustrations of its most striking and picturesque Scenes, from Designs by Mr. Thomas Landseer. The work will be continued on the 1st of every succeeding month, until completed in Twelve Volumes, which together will comprise the Romantic Annals of  
1. England, by Henry Neale, 3 vols.  
2. France, by Leitch Ritchie, 3 vols.  
3. Italy, by C. Macfarlane, 3 vols.  
4. Spain, by Trueba, 3 vols.

Published by Bell and Churton, Library, 25, Holles Street, London; Bull and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

**LONDON:** Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, of the **LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE,** 5, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 12, South Molton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by J. Chappell, 90, Royal Exchange; S. Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; A. Nichol, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, D. Robertson, and Paterson and Rutherford, Glasgow; and J. Cumming, Dublin.—Agents for America, O. Rich, 13, Red Lion Square, London.  
J. MOYSE, 25, Castle Street, Leicester Square.